

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 23, 1887

NUMBER 1027

An Effective Display!

—Of all the—

New and Late Weaves

—IN—

COTTON,
WOOL,
AND SILK

DRESS FABRICS

—AT—

S. G. AUSTIN & CO'S.

"SHE."—"She" is an intensely interesting story which THE TELEGRAPH commences to-day, and which will have a run of several weeks. The story is written by H. Rider Haggard, a writer who has created much excitement of late in literary circles by his wonderful genius; as displayed in "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess" and other serials. It is thought that he is destined to rank as the great novelist of our time. "She" is a strange and wonderfully fascinating story; so much so that the publishers are unable to supply the demand for the work in book form.

—Frank Little and bride are in the city.

—The Rev. John Wilkinson has returned.

—The cold wave to-day has chilled garden enterprises.

—Ed. Harden, attorney at law of Liberty, Nebraska, is in the city.

—Fred Watson came out from Chicago last evening and will remain a day or so.

—Charles Mulkins is painting the Circuit Clerk's office at the Court House, in fine style.

—The city council at the meeting last evening established a hydrant at the shoe factory grounds in West Dixon.

—The Northwestern has commenced building the double track, heretofore mentioned in THE TELEGRAPH, west of Sterling.

—T. J. Miller has just sold H. J. Stephens an elegant eight hundred dollar A. B. Chase piano, which will be shipped to Denver, Colorado, as a present to Mr. Stephens' sister living in that city.

—Mrs. Mary Emmert, living six miles out on Franklin road, fell from a low stool Thursday afternoon while house-cleaning, and sustained a fracture of the thigh bone. She is over seventy-five years old and the accident is a very serious one.

—What is the source of natural gas, and what is the limit of the supply? These questions, and especially the latter, on which depends the continuous prosperity of many important branches of manufacture, are to be discussed by Prof. N. S. Shaler, in the Forum for May.

—James A. Hawley, who had quite a severe attack of Vertigo, and fell prostrate in the yard near his house, has so recovered that he is at the bank to-day. The attack was very much like that experienced by Judge Eustace, though not as severe. We are all pleased that Mr. Hawley has recovered so fully.

—"Dress" is the short comprehensive title of a new magazine to be issued in May, by the Gallison & Hobron Co., 696 and 698 Broadway, N. Y. It is to be devoted, according to its title-page, to the practical and the beautiful in women's and children's clothing, physical culture, and hygienic and kindred subjects, and is to be conducted by Annie Jenness Miller.

—The Reverend John Wilkinson, of St. Luke's church, this city, has received a dispatch from Milwaukee requesting him to officiate at Alexander Mitchell's funeral, on Tuesday. Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Mitchell were personal friends, and we presume the request comes from the widow of the dead millionaire, also an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Wilkinson. He will, we presume, not leave for Milwaukee before Monday.

—We give accounts of the terrible cyclone in the south-west Thursday night.

—"No one yet has been able to explain the meaning of the Inter State Commerce Bill," says an exchange. Then it appears to THE TELEGRAPH that there is very much more fuss than necessary being made about a law that is not understood by any one. Such a law should not cause very much distress and even the great monopolies should not perform the wonderful amount of kicking they have indulged in since the law came into force.

—THE TELEGRAPH announced not long since that Elijah Hullah, living near Lee Centre in South China, had been sent to the insane asylum. To-day there comes a sad dispatch that the body of the poor man "was found in the river." We are unable to learn further particulars but presume that he committed suicide. Hullah's insanity took a strange form; he constantly labored under the fear that his heart was bursting. He leaves a wife and two children.

—There is, generally speaking, nothing "too high" for our artists in lead and oil. But the Dixon Milling Company's mill, with its eight stories above earth and water, is a little too high for the painters and so they threw up the job. Now we are looking for an advertisement something like this: Wanted, seven painters seventy feet high to paint a mill seven stories in altitude. The high wind rattled the scaffolding about so that painting the mill was not unlike ballooning.

—Major Hilton arrives to-day and will speak to-morrow morning at the Baptist church. The campaign in the cause of temperance, THE TELEGRAPH is requested to state, will open to-morrow evening at the Opera House. The singing will be under the charge of Prof. Remsburg, assisted by the leading vocalists of Dixon. Major Hilton has recently held meetings in Chicago and the "Union Signal," in speaking of his oratory says: "Major Hilton's earnest, magnetic tones won attention at once to his faithful presentation of gospel temperance." It is hoped that there will be a good attendance to-morrow evening.

—The evils of easy divorce may be counteracted either by restricting the power of courts to grant decrees, or by regulating the mode of the marriage contract, prescribing forms, requiring publicity, etc. In the Forum for May, Judge Edmund H. Bennett, of Boston, who strongly favors the second way of making divorce less frequent, will show how lightly the contract of marriage is treated in the legislation of most of the States. It is simple truth and no exaggeration whatever that in many States, notably New York, a man and woman, or a boy and girl, may be married with less form and ceremony than attends the purchase of a peck of potatoes.

—Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will issue on Monday the Nineteenth Annual editions of their standard publication, the "American Newspaper Directory." The number of papers published in the United States, Territories (including Alaska) and Canada is put at 15,420; an increase of 581 in one year. In Kansas the increase is eighty-nine and in Nebraska sixty-four; while the Keystone State shows a smaller advance of thirty-five and the Buckeye State of thirty. Pennsylvania exhibits the largest increase in dailies, seventeen; Kansas in weeklies, eighty-one, and New York in monthlies, forty-two. Seven States show a decrease; the most prominent instance being New Hampshire and Virginia, six in each.

—THE TELEGRAPH might have known better. One chair is certainly sufficient for one person and, indeed, a single chair is said to be, under some circumstances, quite enough for a single couple; especially in the blissful days prior to the nuptial ceremony. At least there is extant some sort of a legend, or folk-lore, to that effect. But any mugwump should know that one chair is not enough for a married couple; at least as a steady thing, right along, week in and week out. It was stated in THE EVENING TELEGRAPH that the Dixon Post of the Grand Army of the Republic had presented ex-commander Charles Dey with an easy chair. The statement was true; but it was only a half told tale. Mrs. Charles Dey, the bride, was also presented with a chair, and this fact should have been mentioned in the record. There were two chairs presented on that occasion.

POST OFFICE CHANGE

It was, if our memory serves us right, one of Fallstaff's putative soldiers who, in a jocose sort of a mood peculiar to the humor of the great Shakespeare, rushed

in upon a companion and in a mocking way of forcing a choice of loyalty announced the death of Henry the Fifth and the entrance into power of the dead king's son (the rollicking Prince Hal) with the startling proposition: "Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die." That sort of loyalty to unknown authorities is now one of the bothers of American politics, especially among politicians. Even here at Dixon we have not when calling for our mail of late known exactly under whose administration we made demand. But the matter is now settled. Judge James B. Charters has a little document from Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, signed with that great ruler's sign manual, printed in bold-face type and sealed with a golden seal of the United States and tied up in a blue ribbon, which states briefly, that he, the said Grover, having especial confidence in the integrity and business qualifications, etc., etc., of the said party of the second part, after innumerable whereases and whyfores, states that therefore he, the said President, Grover Cleveland, has appointed the said James B. Charters postmaster for the city of Dixon. We congratulate the Judge upon this happy event and wish him prosperity. Mrs. Camp has filled the office very satisfactorily and the business will be carried on by Judge Charters at the old stand in the usual, neat, orderly and business like way. The Judge has now his commission; he has the blue ribbon and is a postmaster. We presume that postage stamps will range in prices about the same as heretofore and two cents will send no more reading matter than would the same amount of ready cash on yesterday. Each customer will be expected to lick his own stamps (when the postmaster is busy) and make diligent enquiry for his mail fourteen or fifteen times each day even should she, or he, as the case may be, not receive an average of one letter in a month. But the Judge has that innate *sauveur in modo* that will carry him through. We congratulate the new postmaster.

The drink bill of Great Britain and Ireland for 1886 was £122,905,785, or £3 7s. 8d. per head. This shows a continual decrease since 1876, when the quantity consumed was £147,288,759, or £4 9s. per head. There has been an increase in the consumption of beer, but a large falling off in spirits.

The pope will receive, on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee, from the sultan of Turkey a ring valued at over \$20,000, from the empress of China and queen regent of Spain presents of a splendid character, from Emperor William a rich piece of jewelry, from Queen Victoria a sumptuously bound copy of the "Vulgate" and from President Grevy a Sevres vase and inkstand.

PLANTS FOR SALE.
Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, asparagus roots, pieplant roots, tomatoe, cabbage, sweet potatoe plants—at
J. W. Kent's,
1019w4
Post Office.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.
Just opened at Brubaker & Carpenter's the largest and cheapest line of Ladies Muslin Underwear ever shown in Dixon.
1023w2

DON'T trifle with any Throat or Lung Disease. If you have a Cough or Cold, or the children are threatened with Croup or Whooping Cough, use Ackers English Remedy and prevent further trouble. It is a positive cure, and we guarantee it. Price 10 and 50 cents. Sold by Tillson & Hayden.
980y1n3

JACKETS.
The place to buy Jackets is at Brubaker & Carpenter's. Good Boucle Jacket for \$1.00.
1023w2

CARPETS! CARPETS!
Don't buy that new carpet until you see our splendid assortment and low prices!
1023w2
BRUBAKER & CARPENTER.

PAPERING AND PAINTING.
Charles McBride is now prepared to do all kinds of calomining, papering, painting and decorating in good style and on short notice.
1000tf

HARNESS
The largest stock and lowest prices at PITCHER'S.
1014tf

For Costiveness, Biliousness, Headache and all feverish habits, use Dr. Seth Arnold's Bilious Pills. 25c.

Better and better are those celebrated N. Y. Fan Cigars at W. L. Foote's drug store. So everybody says that smoke them.

FREE TRADE
The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.
905 998:1n1c0w

The Bridal corset at PAIGE'S.
New goods cheap for cash at A. F. ROBINSON'S.
1021w1

Large stock of Sateens and Seersuckers at PAIGE'S.
d1t

THE REASON why Ackers' Blood Elixir is warranted, is because it is the best Blood Preparation known. It will positively cure all Blood Diseases, purifies the whole system, and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Remember, we guarantee it. Sold by Tillson & Hayden. n2

All the latest shades of dress goods just received at PAIGE'S.

PAY UP.

Persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to settle their accounts with A. F. Robinson, who is authorized to give receipts.
1036 910w1

A pair of celluloid cuffs for twenty-five cents at JAMES H. TODD'S.
102513

Dying and Cleaning.
Of all kinds, on Second street west of arch, by S. Lathrop.
864 748tf

A good celluloid collar for ten cents at JAMES H. TODD'S.
102513

AT NIGHT always have Ackers' Baby Soother at hand. It is the only safe medicine yet made that will remove all infantile disorders. It contains no Opium or Morphine, but gives the child natural ease from pain. Price 25 cents. Sold by Tillson & Hayden. n2

Throw away that cigar and go to W. L. Foote's drug store and get one of those celebrated Fan cigars.

If you would enjoy your dinner and are prevented by Dyspepsia, use Ackers' Dyspepsia Tablets. They are a positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. We guarantee them. 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Tillson & Hayden. n2

Another large invoice of those fine Fan Cigars at W. L. Foote's drug store. Don't be satisfied till you try them.

OLD and reliable Medicines are the best to depend upon. Ackers' Blood Elixir has been prescribed for years for all impurities of the Blood. In every form of Scrofulous, Syphilitic or Mercurial diseases, it is invaluable. For Rheumatism, has no equal. Sold by Tillson & Hayden. n2

SILK UMBRELLAS.
Go to Brubaker & Carpenter's for bargains in Silk Umbrellas. All silk silver headed umbrellas for \$2.50.
1022w2

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Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, asparagus roots, pieplant roots, tomatoe, cabbage, sweet potatoe plants—at
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905 998:1n1c0w

TILLSON & HAYDEN,

Are again LEADERS in the Choicest



IN : LEE : COUNTY.

CALL AND SEE.

FLOUR!

Buy Flour made at the Home Mill, Because it is the BEST and Because it is the CHEAPEST.

THE DIXON MILL

Never made Better Flour Than it is Making at the Present Time. The Quality, and Everything From Our Mills is Guaranteed As Represented Or Money Refunded.

FARMERS

Can always rely upon getting the

Highest Market Price For Choice Wheat!

AT OUR MILL.

DIXON MILLING CO.

ANOTHER INVOICE

Of those celebrated

HATS
GUYER
HATS

JUST RECEIVED

At the old Reliable Store of

JAMES. H. TODD

BOY'S SUITS!

BOY'S SHORT PANTS,
BOY'S CORDUROY PANTS,
BOY'S GREY SUITS,
BOY'S WORSTED SUITS,
BOY'S SHIRT WAISTS.

BOY'S HAT AND BALL Gived with each Suit—"A good bat no little stick."

Boy's Shirt Waists: good one For only FIFTY CENTS.

BOY'S HATS, BOY'S SHIRTS,
BOY'S CAPS, BOY'S COLLARS

Best Boy's Ties for 25 cents ever shown in Dixon. Boys, Come In and Look at Them, at the Hat Store on the corner, at

CHAS. A. TODD'S

OPERA HOUSE!

Return Engagement of the

Stuart Theatre Company

Supporting the Favorite Young Actor,

Edwin Stuart,

And the Beautiful American Actress,

LILAH STUART,

"Fogg's :: Ferry!"

TO-NIGHT.

ADMISSION,

10 & 20 CENTS 10 & 20

Reserved Seats for sale at T. J. Hyde & Co.'s without extra charge.

LADIES:

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages, or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crack or smut. For sale by W. L. Foote, successor to B. B. Higgins, Druggist, Dixon, Ill.
996 909y1

Evening Telegraph

By Telegraph and Herald Co.
B. F. HAW, Editor.

DIXON, ILLINOIS.

STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND calls his cabinet roll as follows when he wants to be particular: Thomas Francis Bayard, Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, William Crowninshield Endicott, William Freeman Vilas, William Collins Whitney, Augustus Hill Garland, and then adds Daniel Scott Lamont.

THE Rev. Richard R. Highleyman, of Sedalia, Mo., has been fined \$40 and costs, amounting in all to \$60, for forcibly kissing Mrs. Laura Huddieson and playfully pulling her ears. Disgusted with this legal interference the gentleman immediately resigned from the ministry and will return to his old trade of car-building.

ONE of the curiosities of Cayuga County, New York, is a hotel built directly upon the dividing line between two townships. It has been the custom for many years for the manager to shift his bar from one end of the house to the other, just according to the way the town went on the excise question, and in that way he has managed to obtain a license, either in one town or the other, most of the time.

JOHN RUSKIN writes in the following pertinent way to a Boston club which has taken his name: "Our chief folly and sin on this side of the Atlantic is spending all our national substance in war machinery, and the only general advice for either side of the Atlantic which I can bring within the compass of a letter is that everybody should mind his own business and leave the guardianship of wealth and life to God."

APPROPOS of rats, a Liverpool paper relates an incident in connection with a wreck off the Cornish coast. The Captain was the last to leave the ship, and as he dropped into the life-boat a rat ran along the rope and laid hold of the Captain's collar, and the Captain turned round, and, noticing with what tenacity the rat held on, said: "Poor d—, like myself you are making an effort for dear life; come along," and both were safely landed.

It is reported from Cherryhill, Pa., that a farmer there has a pet crow that has associated with his chickens so long that it actually imagines itself one. It struts around the barn-yard all day scratching for grain, goes to roost with the hens at night, and in all things tries to ape the manners of its associates. During the late warm spell one of the hens took a notion to try to hatch out a china egg, and the crow, not to be outdone, hunted up an old bone and followed suit.

THE idea of the "transfer pictures," painted in glaring colors and designed for children, which they can transfer to their copy-books or other objects by simply moistening the picture or the object, has been adopted by a German for labeling bottles, and is likely to be a great success. The label is impressed on the bottle in generous colors, and a coat of varnish keeps it there, which is a considerable improvement on the old gum label system. The simplicity of the process recommends it for a very wide use.

THE beekeepers of Colorado recently held a State Convention at Denver, at which many valuable points were brought out concerning this industry. Among other things it seems that the most successful apiarians of Colorado are women, and the convention was largely composed of them. There was a good exhibit of honey and beekeeping appliances, and much attention was attracted by a display of comb honey made entirely from alfalfa. It was white and of remarkably fine flavor. It is said that since the general introduction of alfalfa in Colorado the keeping of bees has become a very profitable business, that plant furnishing an abundance of forage for the little insects.

THE value of the building-stone quarried in the United States in 1884 and 1885 is set down in round numbers at \$19,000,000 each year, against \$20,000,000 in 1883, and \$21,000,000 in 1881. In 1885 the production of roofing-slate was valued at \$1,648,497; exports, \$115,206. The value of imports of marble and other stones at all United States ports during 1885 amounted to \$527,881, against \$592,057 the year previous. Production of cement from natural rock, \$3,200,000, representing 4,000,000 barrels of 300 pounds each. American Portland cement, \$295,500. The estimated production of lime was 40,000,000 barrels, valued at \$20,000,000. The value of the total production of clays was estimated at \$50,000,000. The production of bricks was approximately estimated for 1886 at 4,585,000,-

000—an increase of about 20 per cent. beyond the census year; estimated value about \$25,000,000.

THE *Woman's Journal* gives a very interesting account of the experience gained in Washington Territory, where women sit regularly as jurors. The writer says: "Some features of the new departure were sometimes slightly comical. Once when the jurors reported in attendance at the opening of the term one among them, summoned from a distant point of the country, was a woman, somewhat lank in person, and unfashionable in attire, who held by the hand a small boy, very round and rosy, of about three or four summers. Nobody supposed she would be allowed to remain with that small incumbrance, but the judge told her if the child behaved well she might keep him with her. So, when she was drawn (which was frequently), she always took the end chair of the back row of seats, and the round little boy took a tiny rocking chair, which the Sheriff had kindly sent down from his own home, and here the little fellow would sit through the long hours, calmly rocking and sucking his thumb, looking at a picture-book, seldom sleeping, apparently attentive to what was going on, and never once troubling his mother or distracting her attention."

WHAT a people the Germans are for statistic making. Last year they took a census of the game and vermin killed in their preserves. A special government return makes the value of the game killed at \$3,000,000, and this sum would have been much smaller, but for the untiring vigilance of the officials of the woods and forests, and of keepers employed by the various holders of land and shooting, who killed, in the course of the year 140,299 head of vermin, and 119,691 birds of prey. The vermin comprised 84,301 foxes, 27,108 stoats, 23,578 weasels, 5,475 martens, 5,375 polecats, 5,051 badgers, 4,092 otter, 665 wild cats. Up to the present time, crows and magpies have not been ranked as birds of prey, but they will be in future, as it is found they do an enormous amount of damage. There are very few wolves in Prussia, only four having been killed; and it is a curious fact that the German wolves seemed to have followed the German army, almost *en masse*, into France, during the winter of 1870, and to have remained there. In the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, the number of wolves killed during the year was 37, in addition to 2,680 foxes, and 152 wild-cats.

THE every-day life of men like Jay Gould, Russell Sage, and others of their class has a hundred cares growing out of and yet not connected with their stocks and bonds, writes a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times*. Hardly a day passes that all of the great leaders are not pestered by scores of little speculators, each anxious to get a "pointer" from the men who can bring about a panic in five hours if they wish, and hardly a day passes that they do not give a dozen bits of advice. "Tell me what to do, Mr. Sage," burst out an excited intruder in that gentleman's office recently; "tell me what stock to operate in for a turn. That's all I ask. I can't afford to lose a cent. My folks are in want of the necessities of life." Mr. Sage told him that it was pretty difficult to say what to do, but after thinking a bit told him to buy 100 shares of a certain stock. "I think you will make \$100 on it," he added, "but if the market goes against you, I'll protect the stock." The man made his \$100, and the next evening, when Mr. Sage returned to his home, Mrs. Sage showed him a letter from the wife of the man who had appealed for aid, thanking her in the warmest terms for the conduct of her husband.

They Knew the Flag.

I once saw a young soldier who belonged to a battery of artillery, engaged in patching the holes in his guidon (a marker's flag) with cloth from the lining of his uniform. When I asked him why he spent so much time to mend that old flag, his answer was, that as we are so far from the base of supplies he could not get a new one, and that when the battery went into action with thirty-six horses and six guns, he always stuck the pike of the guidon into the ground where the battery was to form, and even if the man who rode the leading horse was killed or disabled, and the noise of the battle was so great that the bugle call could not be heard, the horses would wheel around the flag and execute the maneuver known as "By left into line," and bring the muzzles of the six guns on a line with the flag, and then, as soon as the guns were unlimbered, he would again place it about two hundred paces in the rear, and the horses would gallop to the rear with the caissons and halt again on a line with it.—*Chicago Journal*.

"I HAVE three children who are the very image of myself." "I pity the youngest," replied the interlocutor. "Why?" Because he is the one who will have to resemble you the longest."

ON THE BELFRY TOWER.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Look down the road. You see the mound rise on the right, its grassy round broken as by a scar?"

We stood, Where every landscape-lover should, High on the gray old belfry's lead, Scored with rude names, and to the tread Waved like a sea. Below us spread Cool grave-stones, watched by one great yew. To right were ricks; thatched roofs a few; Next came the rectory, with its lawn An i' nesting schoolhouse; next withdrawn Beyond a maze of apple boughs, The long low-latticed manor-house. The wide door showed an arched hall; Then, over roof and chimney stack, You caught the fish pond at the back, The roses and the old red wall, Behind, the Dorset ridges go With straggling wind-clipped trees, and so The eye came down the slope to follow The white road winding in the hollow Beside the mound of which he spoke.

"There," said the rector, "from the town The Roundheads rode across the down. Sir Miles—'twas then Sir Miles' day— Was posted farther south, and lay Watching at Weymouth; but his son— Report by name—an only one, The voracious youth, it would appear, Scrambling about for jack-daws here, Spied then a league off. People say, Scorning the tedious ways, turned clad, Or else because the butler's care Had turned the key to keep him there, He slid down by the rain pipe. Then, Arming the hands and serving-men With half-pike and with harquebuss, Snatched from the wainscot's overplus, Himself in rusty steel-cap clad, With dapping ear-pieces, the lad Led them by stealth around the ridge, So flanked the others at the bridge. There were but six to half a score, And yet five crop-ears, if not more, Sleep in that hillcock. Sad to tell, The boy, by some stray petronel, Or friends or foes—report is vague— Was killed; and then, for fear of plague, Buried within twelve hours or so.

"Such is the story. Shall we go? I have his portrait here below: Grave, olive-checked, a southern face, His mother, who was dead, had been Something, I think, about the queen, Long ere the days of that disgrace, Saddest our England yet has seen, Poor child! The last of his race." —*Longman's Magazine*.

HER ENGAGEMENT RING.

BY LILY CURRY.

"Goodnight, Paulita, I must go." "You must go?" She fell back a step, as if she detected impatience in his tone. "You can't stay any longer," she said then, more helplessly. "No, I must be off. Be a good girl, Paulita, and—think of me sometimes." He ended with a laugh that sounded half sarcastic. But she had loosened her hold upon his arm, and she looked at him almost with the calmness of despair. "Think of me sometimes," he repeated. "Sometimes?" she struck in with quiet intensity. "Always. Night and day, morning and midday and evening and midnight. Every moment; constantly, faithfully, I shall never let your image leave me for an instant. I will wear your ring and I will look at it and see your two blue eyes watching me. * * * Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye."

He regarded her for a brief moment in silence. He appeared surprised yet relieved at her quietude. He was glad there had been no scene. He had almost expected one. Then he stooped hastily and kissed her forehead, lightly, just brushing it with his lips, and turning hastened away.

Perhaps as he hurried down the quiet street—for it was midsummer and the neighborhood being a fashionable one was deserted—down the strangely quiet street of so great a city, he breathed more easily than for some days. It is highly probable. He was a rich young scapegrace and this was only his latest fancy. He owned to himself that he should have ended the affair somewhat sooner. But then she was such a faithful little creature, and really intelligent for a domestic. And her brown eyes had pleased his own of blue, and her devotion had really been charming. Of course he knew he deserved it all. Else why had he been given the stature of an Apollo, and a countenance a young god might have envied. He knew his own attractiveness, from the tip of his shining golden head to the arch of his royal instep. He was Roger Hastings, the son of wealthy parents; he traced his ancestry back for many generations. He had gotten all out of his college course that he cared for, and he was going to see the world pretty thoroughly for the dozen years to come.

It would be strange if he did not care to gather an occasional flower by the wayside as he went.

And Paulita? She watched him as long as her eyes could tell his shape. Watched him pass briskly off into the twilight * * * "to the world made for him." Then she faced about and rang the area door-bell, and the kitchen maid came to let her in. Paulita was different. Paulita was no ordinary servant. She was the seamstress. Yet she must conform to the rules laid down for the servants here.

She climbed all the staircases to the attic where all the servants slept and entered the little chamber that she shared with the chambermaid. Dusk was gathering rapidly. The room was very warm and stuffy. She knelt down by the one little window and rested her face upon the sill. A dreamy fragrance floated up from the trees in the back-yard garden far below. She thought of her childhood in the country; it seemed far off now, very far off and unreal. This life was so different. She wondered when she would see him again. She had asked him over and over during their stroll of the past half-hour, but he had not been able to tell her more than that he would come back "as soon as he could." He had to go thousands of miles away. His father had sent for him to join him.

She put her hand in the bosom of her dress and touched tenderly the ring she wore upon a blue ribbon—the ring that he had given her—the solid band with its quaint setting of twin turquoises, like two blue eyes gazing steadfastly outward. She knew he would be true to her. She knew he loved her—"Her Roger!" Then she wondered why he should care for her. Was she so pretty as he had told her? Were her brown eyes softly beautiful? Was her hair thick, soft, and golden-brown? Was she really graceful? If so, she thanked Heaven for these gifts and for her lover's love.

And she would have remained at the window and continued to think tenderly of him she loved, but for the entrance of her room-mate, who lighted the gas and threw herself down heavily on the bed and began to complain of the mistress' latest orders. Here it was July and everybody else out of town, and they not half ready to go yet; and the Newport cottage waiting and waiting for them all, and yet they must still be shut up here.

Then Paulita came back to herself out of a pleasant dream into which she had been drifting, and remembered that she must go to bed at once in order to rise early and finish the fine work in time.

"I never saw that ribbon around your neck before," said the chambermaid, suddenly. "What is it—a 'Gospel' you're wearing?"

Paulita hesitated. "Yes," she said, softly. "It—it keeps harm away." In a fortnight the family were at Newport.

Paulita wondered how soon she would hear from her lover. She looked for a letter any day. He would write to Newport, or even if he did not, the letter would be forwarded from the city house.

Paulita dreamed a good deal—day-dreams; while she sewed, or while she helped the governess take the children for walks. Paulita dreamed by day and by night. She dreamed as she walked by the ocean and looked out toward the blue horizon rim.

But no letter came. She wore her ring within her bosom. Sometimes she took it out and looked at it and remembered his voice when he gave it to her; remembered his soft laugh when he warned her not to let acid touch the stones and darken them.

Sometimes—aye, very often—she kissed the ring, and said, "My Roger!" But the days passed, and the weeks passed, and no letter came, no word or sign of her lover.

At length Paulita's face began to grow thin and pale, her eyes seemed larger, darker,—for great hollows came about them. She did not care for food. She did not sleep at night.

And still she waited for his letter. One afternoon the mistress bade her do some work that needed the mistress' supervision.

Paulita sat palely watching her stitches and plying her needle. Some strange influence had moved her to take the turquoise ring from her bosom and place it upon her wedding-ring finger. Her hands were very thin and white—to match the pallor of her face, and the blue and heavy gold shone markedly.

Was there any strangeness in this, that a friend of Paulita's mistress, an intimate friend, a brusque, elderly, somewhat eccentric lady should drop in for a chat, and so sit with Paulita's mistress in her boudoir?

Paulita rose with an inquiring glance at her mistress. But the latter only smiled languidly.

"You need not go, Paulita. Continue your work." And to her visitor, "This is my seamstress. She is an excellent little creature. You need not mind her at all."

"No?" said the visitor, good humoredly, but she glanced sharply at the girl. And presently, when she had spoken a little with her friend she appeared greatly interested in what the seamstress was doing.

She was a woman with a heavy, almost coarse voice. And when she suddenly addressed Paulita, the girl started and grew a shade paler.

"That is a very peculiar ring you wear." "Yes, madam," said Paulita in a low voice.

"Will you oblige me by letting me look at it?"

Paulita's breath came hard for a moment. Her cheeks began to crimson. She slowly drew the band from her finger and carried it to the visitor.

"Certainly, madam," she said, but rather indistinctly.

"Ahem!" said the lady. "Yes. Very quaint. Quite *rococo* I may say."

May I ask where you got it?"

Paulita's crimson cheeks grew more like scarlet.

"It was—a gift," she answered. "Ah! And for how much could I induce you to part with it?"

Paulita's head was raised proudly.

"For no money!" she said.

"You really mean you would not like to let it go? It is very valuable, is it not?"

"It is priceless," said the girl, gaining some courage.

Her mistress smiled languidly as she sat watching.

"Do you really fancy the ring?" she inquired of her caller.

The latter nodded briskly.

"I want it very much."

"O well, Paulita," said her mistress, "let Mrs. Van Campen have the ring, if she chooses to buy it from you. Who gave it you, anyway?"

"My sweetheart gave it to me," said Paulita, after a silence, in which she seemed nerving herself for something. "It is—my engagement ring. Nobody on earth—no money could buy it from me."

Her eyes were fixed upon the treasure as she spoke, jealously.

"Ahem!" said the caller. "Engagement ring? I wonder who the thief was? You see this ring is mine. I can identify it by the inside. I haven't looked yet and couldn't read it without my glasses, but I think younger eyes could find the letters 'R' and 'H,' and a date. The ring is older than it looks. People do not wear good turquoises constantly. They are easily discolored."

Paulita stood motionless. No sound came from her lips. The scarlet had faded from her cheeks. A sickness, a deathly feeling had come upon her. What did it mean? Her—Roger's—ring! Stolen! This woman knew the inscription.

The room seemed going around. She was dizzy, faint.

And then the caller's voice fell upon her again through the darkness.

"Of course I don't doubt you came by it honestly, my poor girl; but nevertheless it is—or was—my ring. Your sweetheart probably bought it at a pawnshop, where it had been left—ha—ha—by my scapegrace of a nephew. My favorite nephew, my incorrigible. Always into scrapes and always having to be helped out. I suppose," (she was talking to Paulita's mistress now.) "I suppose young men must be young men, and young rascals as well. Only fancy that scawag of a Roger—you know my nephew, Roger Hastings—only fancy his pawning my ring. I missed it a good while since. * * * Here, my good girl,"—for Paulita had turned and walked toward the door—walked unsteadily, had they but seen or cared. "Here, my girl; I will not claim the ring, unless you choose to accept a fair equivalent."

Paulita returned, put out her hand blindly and took the ring. Her heart was dead, cold, horrible within her. Was Roger Hastings the real name of her Roger Hardy? Had he deceived her? Yet she took and held the ring in her numb hand, and heard her mistress murmur:

"You are too good, Mrs. Van Campen. Indeed, I think you are really foolish to be so good."

And Mrs. Van Campen's voice—disre-

garded of her friend's remonstrance—celebrating the follies of her favorite nephew. "At all events he has got to the end of his tether. He is going to be married soon, and I fancy his wife will make him walk very straight. She's a dashing girl and he's completely infatuated." Miss Van Waters * * * very rich, of course.

"You can go for a while, Paulita," said her mistress, serenely, foreseeing perhaps, some delightful bit of gossip about the coming wedding—since weddings are usually first or last attended with scandal of some sort.

And Paulita obeyed. She went out of the room. She went out of the house. She wore her cap and apron; she seemed neat and modest. No one would have suspected any terrible impending trouble. She went toward the sea.

"O, my God!" She kept saying these three words over and over, helplessly, despairingly.

False, false, false! Her world had come to a sudden, terrible end. Her world had stopped revolving—had collided with huge obstacles, had crashed and smashed and was dropping away from under her feet. She was sinking into an abyss.

It was death! She walked a long distance. She hardly knew where she stopped or what she brought back with her.

She had no money. How could she buy poison in order to end her life?

She did not return to the house until after dark. She crept in like a shadow. No one seemed to see her. Her mistress was whirling, whirling in the delicious dance to delicious music, in costly silks and splendid blaze of diamonds, among others of her set—at the Casino. The chambermaid, Paulita's room-mate, was strolling in the beach, with a chance lover. Paulita crept to her room. She sat down in the chair by the small stand in the corner. She bowed her head upon her hands and did not move. Perhaps she said a prayer. The wind—the sweet sea breeze stole in upon her.

But she did not stir. At midnight the chambermaid crept in softly, saw Paulita praying there but did not speak to her. The chambermaid crept into bed and slept soundly and selfishly till broad daylight.

And by the broad daylight they found Paulita—dead.

Cold and still and pale. She would never move or speak again.

Did she take her own life? *Quien sabe?* There was a glass and dregs of something that might have been deadly. And closely clutched in one thin hand—her turquoise ring. And, as if some powerful acid had fallen upon them, the twin stones were turned black—disfigured beyond redemption!

Kind-Hearted Insects.

The Bible has made ants famous for industry and foresight, and modern naturalists find few animals more worthy of study. These insects not only are surprisingly intelligent, but manifest a lively regard for each others' welfare, as the following incident well illustrates. It is taken from Mr. Belt's "Naturalist in Nicaragua."

One day while watching a small column of these foraging ants, I placed a little stone on one of them to secure it. The next that approached, as soon as it discovered its situation, ran back in an agitated manner to communicate the intelligence to the others. They rushed to the rescue. Some bit at the stone, and tried to move it; others seized the prisoner by the legs, and tugged with such force that I thought its legs would be pulled off, but they persevered till they got the captive free.

I next covered one up with a piece of clay, leaving only the ends of his antennae projecting. It was soon discovered by its fellows, which set to work immediately, and by biting off pieces of the clay, soon liberated it. Another time I found a very few of them passing along at intervals. I confined one of these under a piece of clay, at a little distance from the line, with its head projecting. Several ants passed it, but at last one discovered it, and tried to pull it out, but could not. It immediately set off at a great rate, and I thought it had deserted its comrade; but it had only gone for assistance, for in a short time about a dozen ants came hurrying up, evidently fully informed of the circumstances of the case, for they made directly for their imprisoned comrade, and soon set him free. The excitement and ardor with which they carried on their unflagging exertions could not have been greater if they had been human beings.

An Early Reminiscence.

A writer, a lady whose name is not given, records this reminiscence of her first meeting with Dickens when he was a young man:

It was at the house of a relative of mine. I was first introduced to his wife in the sanctuary of the bedroom, where I was arranging my hair before the glass. I thought her a pretty little woman, with the heavy-lidded, large, blue eyes, so much admired by men. The nose was a little retroussé, the forehead good, mouth small, round and red-lipped, with a pleasant, smiling expression, notwithstanding the sleepy look of the slow-moving eyes. The weakest part of the face was the chin, which melted too suddenly into the throat. I went down with a fluttering heart to be introduced to Boz.

The first ideas that flashed through me were: What a fine, characteristic face! What marvelous eyes! And what horrid taste in dress!

He wore his hair long in "admired disorder" and it suited the picturesque style of his head; but he had on a surtout with a very wide collar, very much thrown back, showing a vast expanse of waistcoat, drab trousers and drab boots with patent leather toes, and the whole effect (apart from his fine head) gave evidence of a loud taste of costume.—*R. H. Stoddard*.

THE simple process of slipping a tube into the larynx through the mouth is being substituted for the formidable surgical operation of tracheotomy in croup and diphtheria, with good results.

UNDER THE CYPRESS.

BY CHAS. EUGENE BANKS.

Beside the river, dark and deep—
The curls all clustering round her face—
She lieth, as from pleasure's chase,
O'er weary, sunk to sudden sleep.

The somber cypresses bow above,
Wherein the gentle zephyrs seem
To chant, accordant with the stream,
A requiem for the death of Love.

The waters creep so carefully
Among the shells and pebbled sands,
And mount to kiss her waxen hands;
Dear hands are clasped so prayerfully.

A barque so frail—O, fateful praise!—
Such sea should ne'er have ventured o'er,
But kept its course along the shore,
In sheltered nook of quiet bays.

These simple lines tell all we know:
"O, God forgive the wicked work!
I may not sleep behind the kiss,
But lay me where the daisies grow."

"Where sunbeams in the grasses lurk,
And violets are first in bloom,
I may not lie in hallowed tomb—
'Tis holy ground behind the lark."

What marvel that this calm retreat
Unwontedly her thought should woo!
It was the only path she knew
Led out to solitude complete.

Now lightly rest the broken sod
Above the form so beautiful,
Tho' wayward and undisciplined,
The heart is known all to God.

A FOUNDLING'S FATE

The Maid of the Tyrolese Valley.

BY J. BIRD, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

You can find a sweeter spot in all Tyrol than the Valley of Volothol, with its winding silv' streams and its green meads. The high mountains which surround it are constantly in the clouds that sail over them, and sunbeams peep down on the valley in one or straight line.

It is a bright August morning, so early that the dews of the cottages are not yet unclose, and the blackbirds are warbling forth their matin songs, and hopping from bough to bough.

Prættily a peasant opens his door, and looks at the blue sky with a smile of satisfaction. This day is to be a holiday in the village; and, in the ensuing week, the corn is to be cut, for harvest time is near. We see a girl, with her hair of milk beading upon her head; she is tripping as fast as she can, in order that she may finish all her work before the chapel is rung.

In the middle of the valley stands a saint old house of prayer, surrounded by a grave-yard; and across the space come the clear, musical accents of a young girl's voice, singing gayly.

The song proceeds from a handsome stone house, which rises proudly and high above the wall which incloses it. Its wide portal stands open; and on a rustic bench under the porch sits the fair singer herself. Her head is bent downward, and her hands are lying idly in her lap. By her side sits another, whose busy fingers are employed in making a wreath or crown of silver tinsel. The first mentioned female is very pretty—by some she is called beautiful. She is dressed in a red petticoat, made short enough to display a pair of small feet and her faultless ankles, and her bodice is of some blue material, laced over a spotlessly white chemise, whose wide sleeves are turned back to her elbows, showing her rounded and dimpled arms; while spread in front of her is her embroidered muslin apron, the greatest worldly treasure the maiden possesses.

The damsel is tall and slight. Her eyes are brown, with long lashes, which sweep the downy cheeks beneath them.

Her companion, who is her senior by a dozen years, looks good and kind, as one who can reflect upon her past life without regret.

While the maiden is yet singing, a window of the house is opened, and a lady, who still retains the remains of great beauty, leans forth, and in authoritative tones commands silence.

"Cease!" she cried. "Cease your loud song! Do you forget that you are close to the chapel and the burial-ground?" she added, angrily.

The young girl looked round the dowry porch, and showed her laughing face to her mistress.

"Why should I not sing, Miss Isidora?" she asked, simply. "The dead sleep too soundly to be disturbed, did all the girls in the canton sing their loudest. It can not, surely, be a sin to raise one's voice merrily, since the innocent birds are nearly always doing so?"

"You are rude, Franz!—the rudest of all my maids!" returned the lady, not a whit softened by the other's artless speech. "And if you refuse to be quiet at my bidding, I will inform the vicar, my uncle! Is there no work for you to do in the house? Shame upon you! At this early hour to be dressed up like a peacock, and sitting doing nothing!"

Franzi's face grew red as a poppy, as she listened to the above words.

"My work is already done, Miss Isidora," she answered, humbly. "I fetched the food for the cows yesterday; and for the rest of my work, Katrina has promised to do it for me."

"Katrina, indeed! As if she hadn't work enough of her own to do!" interrupted the lady.

"And for my dress, Miss Isidora, you know that I am chosen for one of the garland maids, to wait on the new priest, Albert Unterwald, and that you kindly gave me permission to attend the ceremony, and afterward the festival."

"Ha!" ejaculated the lady, closing the casement sharply, and disappearing. The maiden flushed deeply, and heaved a heavy, sorrowful sigh.

"Don't mind her, Franz!" said Katrina.

"Miss Isidora says a great deal she doesn't mean, because, having nothing to do, the day hangs wearily on her hands. She must complain, in order to give her tongue and her voice some healthful exercise. But don't heed her. Perhaps, as she's nearly forty years of age, she's jealous of your youth and your beauty; you know you're the loveliest girl in the whole canton—oh, I don't want to flatter you!—and because you've been chosen to be a garland maid, which is a great honor conferred upon you. The new priest's father is the wealthiest man in Volothol, and for many miles around it, and the garland maids are always selected from

amongst the rich farmers' daughters; how, then, is it that you are so favored?"

"I will tell you, Katrina, for you do not know my history, having only lately come to live here at Volothol. Nineteen years ago a new-born infant was found at a chapel-door in Munich. The town received the parentless babe, and sent it into the country to be nursed. The mother of our new priest saw me—for the poor, forsaken child was myself!—and as her little boy Albert, her only offspring, was about to be sent away to study, she took me into her house, and brought me up with every care and affection."

"What a romantic tale!" cried Franz's listener. "But how was it that you came here, in the dwelling of the vicar and his niece? I'm sure, had I been in your place, I would rather have preferred living with Madame Unterwald. Miss Isidora is so hard with you."

"Yes, she is a little harsh toward me sometimes," Franz allowed, with a good-humored laugh. "But she has a kind heart in her breast, for all that. I have been told that she was a very different sort of a person some years ago from what she is now. I was treated by Albert's parents as if I had been their own daughter, and Albert himself regarded me as his sister. And now that he is to be a priest, the old couple wish me to be one of the garland maids; and Albert himself wishes it, I have been told."

"So much greater the honor," Katrina remarked, as she placed the wreath she had made on her companion's nut-brown tresses.

"Yes," answered the young damsel. "But what gratifies me most is, that Albert has remembered me. It is many long years since he saw me. I have no idea what he is like, and he can have no memory of my looks either."

"But you have not yet answered my question," said Katrina, admiring her handiwork from every side. "How was it that you came to live here?"

"Well, I can hardly explain that matter. Miss Isidora used to visit the Unterwalds, and, seeing me, took a fancy to me, and would not let my friends have any peace until they gave me up to her. She is very rich, it is supposed; so they thought she would prove a great benefactress to me. They could not have reclaimed me afterward, even had they wished to do so, for Miss Isidora had made them sign a certain paper, wherein it was stated that they resigned all right to me. I was about ten years old when she took me from the Unterwalds. Her disposition has soured considerably since that time."

"Ah, to have made your story quite complete, Albert ought to have married you. He was born a farmer, and he ought to have remained such to the end."

"Oh, Katrina!" exclaimed Franz, turning to the speaker with a glowing face. "How can you talk such nonsense! It is wicked of you!"

"Indeed, it is nothing of the sort. His father would not be vexed were Albert to change his mind. I have heard that the old man deeply regrets that his son will not take his place when it shall become vacant. Unterwald does not like the thoughts of the old house being sold, and passing into the hands of a stranger. But, as far as I am concerned, Albert may be priest or squire else, for I don't imagine he would marry me."

And so saying, Katrina laughed very heartily. Franz's toilet was now completed, and she was viewing her figure before, and on all sides, in a little glass which the other was holding for her.

"I am all right," she said, smiling, "and it is time that I should be on my way. Good-by, and thank you kindly for all the trouble you have taken in making me look so smart and nice. Don't let Miss Isidora miss me, if you can help it. I shall tell you all that happens when I return."

"Yes, yes; and mind that you enjoy yourself," the other answered.

"Of that you may be sure. Good-by, Katrina!"

And with those words the damsel bounded off, with steps as buoyant as youth and health could make them.

Katrina watched her friend until a bend of the road hid her from view; then she went into the house, and set about performing her various duties.

Meanwhile, Franz skipped along, singing to herself. The sun was shining brightly, and the damsel's heart was light as any feather. She was going among the friends whom she loved, and the recollection of that fact made her spirits rejoice.

Presently she uttered a sharp cry, and paused. A rough-looking man, who had suddenly rushed out of a smithy hard by, had confronted her.

"What frightens you so?" he said, in tones somewhat gentle. "Are you afraid that I shall spoil your pretty face, which I daily waste hours to catch a glimpse of?"

"Let me pass!" returned the girl, not caring to hide her evident dislike of the man. "What has my face to do with you? I do not ask you how long it is since you washed the smith's smut from your eyes!"

"They see well enough, with all the smut," he retorted. "But smut is healthy, and preserves the complexion."

At that Franz burst into a fit of laughter. "Why have you stopped me thus?" she demanded, by and by.

"To ask you to become my wife," he replied, very earnestly. "Say that you will, Franz!—oh, say yes, and in four weeks hence you shall wear the wedding-wreath!"

The girl blushed.

"Are you serious, Vigili?" returned she. "I thank you for your offer; but, although you are good-hearted, I do not like your wild and violent manners. I have heard strange things of you—"

"Yes, things that are not true," he interrupted Franz by saying. "I only wish I knew the rascal who has been speaking ill of me; I'd break his neck for him, I would!"

"There! only see what a rage you are in at a few words only! Can you deny that you threw a hammer at the head of one of your workmen, in consequence of which his life was for some time despaired of? And people do say that you have behaved unkindly to your own mother. What, then, could a wife expect—a poor wife, who could bring to your house nothing but herself."

The blacksmith was silent for a few seconds. He looked both abashed and distressed. "I'm ashamed to confess to you that your accusation against me is, in part, true," he said. "But, for the future, I will try to put a curb upon my temper—I will, indeed! Will you promise to let me have the first dance with you at the festival to-day?" he eagerly added.

"I must promise, I suppose, else you will keep me standing here forever," was her answer.

At this moment Franz was joined by

some girls in holiday costume, and Vigili disappeared, to make himself ready to attend the ceremony about to take place. Our heroine and her friends now proceeded in the direction of the Unterwalds' house, the windows and doors of which they found decorated with garlands and wreaths and flowers. Over the porch of the dwelling there was a sort of triumphal arch, formed of flags, golden paper, and flowers. Look wheresoever you would, there might be seen letters, forming the name of the young priest who was to preach his first mass on that day.

In front of the house were assembled crowds of people, both old and young, all of whom were waiting to swell the procession which was to accompany Albert Unterwald to the village chapel, where he was about to commence his holy calling.

Old Unterwald and his wife were sitting together. They were alone. Albert's father was a tall, thin man, with sharp features and iron-gray locks.

After a while, getting impatient, Unterwald rose, and paced the floor up and down with measured steps. Now and then he would stop and pass his fingers through his scanty hair. He seemed rather troubled, and a deep sigh from time to time broke forth from his chest.

With her white hair carefully smoothed back under her black head-dress, sat Albert Unterwald's mother. She had her rosary in her hand, and a brass-clasped book of prayer lay on the table near her.

Nothing was heard in the room save the ticking of the Black Forest clock, and the buzzing of the summer flies in the bright windows.

Presently the clock gave notice to strike. At that the mother looked up, and dropped her beads. "The people have assembled," she said to her husband. "Shall we not warn our son of the hour?"

At this moment the door opened, and the expected one entered. One could see at a glance that he was the son of the house. He was very like his father, but he had his mother's mild and tender manners, and likewise her expressive blue eyes. Albert's face was full of kindness and purity; when you looked into it, you felt certain that it belonged to a strictly honorable and good man.

"Good morning, reverend and honored son," said Madame Unterwald, rising and embracing him, with affection and pride.

Her husband laughed at her speech and ridiculed it a little, adding, "He is my son, and if he were even to become a cardinal, he would still be the same to me; and so I may say, 'Good morning, Albert—good morning, to this your day of honor!'"

"Thanks, father!" answered the young priest, taking his sire's hand in his, and pressing it. "Let it be ever thus between us. How much I have to be grateful to you for! Through your generosity and love only have I reached this proud and happy hour, for which I have looked and yearned so long."

"Say no more, my son," returned the old man. "I have but performed a parent's duty toward you."

"I am aware, father, that I have not chosen the life you wished me to follow."

"That is true, Albert; and I can not help regretting the fact," the other answered, rather mournfully. "It pains me to think that my only son will see my large estate pass into a stranger's hands. But you have chosen your path, and a man's will is his kingdom."

"And I hope, father, that I have chosen well," the young priest rejoined.

"I hope so, too," the old man replied, with fervor. "And to-day, at your first mass, I will pray, with my whole heart and soul, that you may go through life as you have begun it, and that you may never say to yourself, 'I wish I had taken my father's advice.'"

"Father, without a doubt, my heart belongs to my holy calling; never for one moment can I ever change."

"After to-day it will be too late to do so," murmured Unterwald, passing a handkerchief across his eyes, which were overflowing with tears.

Albert's mother, who had retired to the window during the above conversation, here approached her husband and her son.

"The people are all waiting," she said to the latter.

"I am ready, mother," Albert answered. And with these words he threw the long casement wide, and stepped out amid the throng, his parents following him.

The moment the young priest appeared there was a buzz of voices among the people; and then men and women and boys and girls fell simultaneously upon their knees to receive the blessing of the holy man as he passed onward and onward.

Among the many faces that greeted his gaze, he recognized those of his old schoolmates and playfellows. Now he was about to pass the garland maids, in the ranks of whom knelt Franz, with folded hands. As he drew near her, she looked up, and, as he blessed her, she shrank at the tones of his well-remembered voice. He started for a moment, looked at her, drew his breath quickly, and then passed on.

CHAPTER II.

The chapel bells had begun to ring merrily, and trumpets were sounding, and the village musicians now struck up a march as for a wedding. Was not Albert about to take the church as his bride? He had no time now to inquire who the pale girl whose features had started him but now.

The young priest and the people had now entered the sacred edifice. Albert seated himself in the flower-decked chair which had been prepared for him, and the garland girls closed around him like bridesmaids around a bride.

Then the elder priests commenced the ceremony.

Meanwhile, Albert sat like one in a dream. He could see through the chapel windows green fields and whispering woods, and happy children at play. Anon, the scene seemed to change, and once more his eyes met the deep and earnest looks of the pale garland maid.

The old priests had now concluded; the organ's notes were heard again, and the choir poured forth a volume of sweet sounds—then those sounds died away, and all left the holy place in the same order in which they had entered it.

The young priest and the elder ones, with some few others, repaired to the house of the Unterwalds, where there was a table luxuriously spread for them, and some fine old wine to drink.

For the villagers, they went to the inn of Volothol, and there regaled themselves with excellent cheer. They joked, and they laughed loudly. At one of the tables sat Vigili, the blacksmith. He was looking very angry because he could not obtain a seat near Franz. The whole village knew of his love for her, but no one for a moment thought that Franz would ever learn to care for so rough-mannered a fellow.

By and by the mistress of the inn

brought in an enormous cake—it was termed the cake of honor—which she placed in the center of a large table, that all might view its ornaments, and read the various mottoes it bore.

This cake, like the garland maids, is a part and parcel of the ceremony always observed in this part of Tyrol whenever a new priest first enters upon the duties of his sacred calling. At its appearance the people rise, select their partners, the music is heard, and the dance begins.

The young priest and his parents now entered.

The first to rise and hurry off in search of a partner for the dance was Vigili. But quick as he had been, he was too late. The old vicar, who had to present Albert with his partner for the dance—the last he would ever have—had been so engaged in eating a slice of "honor cake," that he had almost forgotten his duty; and, when the recollection of what he had to do suddenly flashed across his memory, he had no time to seek the girl of the highest rank present, but in his haste, took the nearest. It was Franz.

As the vicar presented her to Albert, Vigili rushed up with a flushed face and wrathful looks.

But Franz was so much astonished at the honor done her, that she saw nothing of her would-be lover.

Albert took her hand, the music burst forth, and together they started off round the room.

He felt as in a dream as he held the girl to his side, and his feet kept time to the enlivening strain. This was not like the end of his former life, he thought, but the beginning of a new one. Thrice he circled the floor; then the young priest had done; he dared dance no more; the rest of the dancing was for the happy world.

He led his partner to a seat by the now vacant table, and filled two glasses, then he took the bridegroom's wreath from around his arm, and put it over her glass like a frame. As his last partner in his last dance, that wreath belonged to her now.

"May you live long, reverend sir," Franz said, in a broken voice, as she raised her glass, and struck it against his.

"Thanks! How glad I am that you came to the festival."

"How could I stay away from it?" she answered, artlessly. "I am very happy to find myself so kindly remembered by you."

"Did you think that I should forget you, Franz?"

"No, sir," she replied, quietly.

"But at first I did not know you."

"Ah, that is very likely. You have been away from Volothol a long time."

"True. But it is not that. You are so changed—so tall—"

"And beautiful," he would have added, but the word was not suffered to pass his lips.

At this moment Vigili placed himself opposite to the two speakers, and, with his back against the wall, stood wrathfully watching them.

As Albert's eye fell upon him, he dropped Franz's hand, which he had just taken, and said, "Look at that man there; he seems as if he were vexed because I am talking to you. Is he your lover?" he added, feeling reluctant to speak that word to her.

The maiden blushed. "I have no lover, sir," she answered. "That is the blacksmith's son—Vigili. He wants me to marry him."

"And will you marry him?"

"What better can I do, reverend sir?"

"True," he rejoined, rising abruptly. "Farewell, Franz. Love and be happy. Think sometimes of the time when we were children together, and—of to-day."

And then he turned and walked slowly away.

Vigili now approached Franz, who was watching her late companion as he disappeared amid the throng of guests.

"So," growled the blacksmith, this is the way in which you keep your promises?"

The damsel answered him very quickly. "I promised you the first dance, and I am waiting for you."

"The first dance, forsooth! How can that be, when you have already been dancing?"

"With his reverence! That was quite another thing, and wholly apart from all others. But you are not my lover, and consequently have no business to assume these airs toward me. If I were already your wife, you could not be more jealous of me than you are. But not even if you were a goldsmith would I dance with you now."

And so saying, she started up from her seat, and left him.

Vigili raised his muscular right arm, and clenched his hand tightly.

"Gut! She's like the rest of the women-folk, as giddy as a goose! I've a good mind to think no more about her." And with that he seated himself at the table, drew toward him a bottle of wine, and filled a glass, which he straightway lifted to his lips and drained at a single draught.

When Albert quitted the side of Franz, he immediately and secretly left the inn, repaired to his parents' house, and sought his chamber. The dwelling was vacant, for all the domestics were making merry at the festival with their master and mistress.

Albert felt suddenly depressed. He knew not wherefore, but he was unable to rest five minutes in one place. He wandered out of one apartment into another, and wondered what had caused his unusual restlessness of both body and mind.

How little he had known his own heart when he thought he could bid adieu to the world without one sigh of regret! Something had just shone across his path like a blaze of lightning, and he now saw what he had lost, which to think of, even, he remembered would be a sin.

He fell upon his knees, and besought heaven to give him the strength he now so much required.

Presently he was roused by musical sounds beneath his chamber window. This was the closing ceremony of the young priest's day of honor.

Meanwhile, Franz slept calmly. She did not hear the dead march that was being played under Albert's casement. The moon was shining through her narrow window and across the girl's fair face, opposite to which she had hung the bridegroom's wreath which had been given her that day by Albert.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Didn't Say What Ailed Her.

"How is your ma this morning?" said Aunt Mandy of young Sturtevant. "Does the doctor call three times a day now?"

"Yes, but I heard pa say she would pull through."

"Did the doctor say what ailed her?"

"No, he didn't say what ailed her; but he said if she would only keep her tongue still long enough to give her epiglottis and her larynx a chance to heal, he could do her with enough medicine to make her feel sick for a couple of weeks yet. He said it wouldn't do for her to get well too quick; for she was his best customer now."

THE WESTERN BOOM.

St. Joseph, Mo., Still Leading All Competitors in Real Estate Deals and the Acquisition of Substantial Enterprises.

The most noticeable real estate activity continues to prevail at St. Joseph, Mo., says a correspondent of an Eastern paper. Packing houses and other industrial enterprises, among them the Louisiana Tobacco Works, are going in at a lively rate; one of the chief evidences of the growth of the city being the granting of a franchise to a syndicate of Kansas City capitalists for the construction of an extensive system of cable lines, to be commenced at once, and to cost \$300,000. The best evidence, however, is in the showing of actual transactions closed in one week recently: W. A. P. McDonald bought 99 lots in Eastern Extension for \$10,500. He sold 54 of them for \$10,700, and sold balance at an advance of \$20 per foot in cost. Sam Nave and J. S. Britton bought a lot in Patee's addition for \$2,000 and sold for \$3,000 in four days. W. H. Constable bought lot 2, block 54, St. Joseph Extension, for \$300, and sold for \$550. J. S. Blackwelder, of Chicago, bought eighty feet, southeast corner of Third and Sylvania, for \$14,000, and has been offered nearly double that for it and refused it. J. M. Hill paid \$7,000 for northeast corner of Second and Francis, and has since resold for \$18,000. C. W. Brown bought two lots on St. Joseph avenue for \$1,900, and sold in six days for \$3,000. John Kelly bought two lots in Eastern Extension; he paid \$600; in thirty days he sold for \$900; it has since been resold for \$1,200. J. F. Tyler bought a lot in Eastern Extension for \$125 and sold to Hubbard for \$500, who has since been offered \$700. L. E. Carter bought a lot in January in Kemper's addition for \$700. In three days after he was offered \$1,000, and since then \$2,000. He bought four lots in Robidoux addition for \$4,000; sold for \$6,000, and his purchaser sold for \$8,000. Mrs. N. M. Brewster bought three lots for \$500 and sold for \$1,150 in three days, and in four days they were resold for \$1,400. D. G. Griswold bought six lots in East St. Joseph for \$200 and sold the next day for \$750; also three others for \$200 and resold in three weeks for \$1,000.

One of the publishers of Hoyer's Directory, speaking of the Western cities and the prevailing boom, writes as follows of St. Joseph, where he has just issued the Directory for 1887: "Not only has St. Joseph increased in population at a most satisfactory rate, there being an increase in one year of 5,846, while the total population in round numbers is shown to be 60,000, but she has undergone a spirited revival that augurs the outstripping of all competition. Ten years ago the city had scarcely a dozen manufacturing concerns, whereas the year '87 finds her with some 170 of all kinds, with thirteen railroads, the largest stockyards west of Chicago, some thirteen miles of streets, paved with asphaltum, and as many miles more under contract, with the electric motor soon to be in operation on two of the car lines, and the cable line an assured fact, and new enterprises springing up daily on every hand. The demand for real estate has been steady and active. For the past year St. Joseph has led almost continually the other cities of the United States in bank clearances, the per cent. of increase over 1886 reaching in one case 140.7, and up to date maintaining an average of almost 100. Down to Dec. 31, 1886, St. Joseph's jobbing houses did a business of \$110,539,000, showing an increase in the business of 1886 over that of 1885 of \$23,111,028. A fair indication of the increasing business may be sought in the fact that St. Joseph now employs a force of commercial travelers numbering 1,013 men."

St. Joseph, more than any other Western town, offers the best inducements to men of small capital to commence a manufacturing business, and to mechanics and laborers to find employment and build desirable homes.

The Science of Noses.

The nose, we all know, forms a prominent feature in everybody's career, but it has been left to M. Sophus Schack, a Danish disciple of Lavater, to find out that it is an infallible index to human character. He tells us in a book just published that his discovery is the result of a long and patient study of this facial organ among people of all nations. According to his experience, the moral and physical nature of a person can be gathered from the formation of his nose. A well-developed nose, he says, denotes strength and courage; a little turn-up nose indicates cunning and artfulness; a delicate, straight nose, taste and refinement; a curved nose, judgment and egotism; and a thick, misshapen nose, dullness and want of tact. But this is not all. "The nose," proceeds our physiognomist, "discloses to the intelligent observer the faculties possessed by the owner. It also indicates the intensity of his intellectual activity and the delicacy of his moral sentiments

THE ROTATING RAVAGER

VENTS ITS FURY WITH FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF LIFE.

Scores of Persons Probably Killed and Everything in Its Path Made into Splinters.

Details of the Disaster at and Near Nevada, Mo.—Names of Some of the Victims—Death and Destruction Wrought in Arkansas, Kentucky, Kansas and Texas—A Town Wiped Out of Existence and Seventeen Killed.

NEVADA, Mo., April 23.—A terrific cyclone swept over the northern part of this (Vernon) county Thursday night. The clouds were plainly visible here, passing only about eight miles from this city. The cyclone seemed to come down Marmaton river from the Kansas line, dealing death and destruction wherever it struck. As far as can be learned the cyclone first struck Metz township, passing through Metz, Osage, and Blue Mound townships. Fences, houses, barns, etc., in line of the cyclone, which was about half a mile in width, were picked up, rent in splinters and cast down hundreds of yards away. Trees were torn up by the roots; over thirty houses destroyed and about fifteen persons killed.

Only a partial list of the dead can be obtained, which is as follows: Mrs. E. Shroat and her daughter; May Stover; J. C. Hawkins; John Miller, and Mrs. John Miller. There were five members of the Miller family, four of whom were killed. The baby, aged 2 years, was dropped in the yard and found unhurt Friday morning. Parts of the Miller residence and furniture were found strewn over the fields for fully a mile from where the houses formerly stood. Reliable news has been received only from Osage township, and it is thought the death-roll will be swelled to over twenty-five. A heavy gale passed over this city damaging the Methodist church and other buildings.

The damage in this city so far reported is as follows: Dwelling of C. T. Whitfield blown down and Mrs. Whitfield seriously injured; Lucien Hood's dwelling blown entirely away, but the family sleeping on the first floor escaped injury; Thomas Koontz's dwelling badly damaged; Marion Bronse's dwelling and barn wrecked; James Hamble's dwelling destroyed; John Royce's dwelling carried away and Benjamin Royce injured; Louis Hamble's house partially blown away and the remainder destroyed by fire, the husband and wife badly bruised.

The house occupied by Paschal Chaney was torn to fragments. Chaney and wife and Mrs. Hooper and two children were in the building. The children were asleep and the bed in which they were lying was carried some distance and broken to pieces, but all escaped with a few bruises. George Chaney's dwelling was carried away. Mr. Chaney was absent from home, but his wife was there with three children. When the roar of the cyclone was first heard they ran out doors, but the 7-year-old daughter ran back into the house and was crushed to death. The frenzied mother pulled the mangled body of her child from the ruins.

John Hiatt's residence was blown down. Mr. Hiatt was killed and his wife stunned to insensibility; she will die. The baby was blown some distance and so badly mutilated it can not recover. About fifteen additional dwellings were damaged by the storm, and there is a long list of broken arms and legs and other lesser injuries. The town is in a frenzy of grief and mourning.

Seventeen Killed at Prescott, Kan.

PORT SCOTT, Kan., April 23.—A dispatch from Prescott, in this county, reports a terrible cyclone on Thursday evening at about 6:30 o'clock. There were seventeen killed at different points throughout the county and an incalculable amount of damage was done to all kinds of property.

Prescott was literally wiped out of existence, not a single building being left standing to mark the site of a once prosperous and thriving place.

Reports are coming in from all over the country of damage by the terrible storm. It was a genuine cyclone, but came from the northwest instead of the southwest, as is usual. Hail fell all over the county, some stones measuring thirteen inches in circumference.

Four Fatalities in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 23.—About 3 o'clock Friday morning a tornado originating in Indian territory and moving almost due east passed through the country four miles north and along the line of the Little Rock & Fort Smith railroad. It was between a quarter and half a mile wide, and near Ozark, Franklin county, began doing great damage to trees, houses, and fences. Farther east, near Coal Hill and Clarksville, Johnson county, the damage was very serious, and many persons were injured.

Four miles from Clarksville, Friday afternoon, a Mr. Turner, John Reed's child, G. D. Rowley's daughter, and a child of Mr. Petty were killed.

A man named Phillips, near Ozark, was severely injured by falling timbers.

The loss to farmers on buildings, fences, stocks, and growing crops is very heavy, but it can not now be estimated.

Damage and Death in Kentucky.
LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 23.—A storm of wind and rain did many thousand dollars worth of damage in the state Friday. At Paris a distillery was unroofed, a warehouse wrecked and several dwellings shattered. At Lexington a distillery was wrecked and other damage done. In this city nearly three inches of rain fell, but there was no wind. Lightning struck several houses, but did no great damage. The house of Joseph Braunbeck, in New Albany, was struck by a bolt and a young lady on the opposite side of the street thrown to the ground and badly hurt. At Nolin, Hardin county, Samuel Atwood and son were cut fishing and took refuge under a sycamore tree, which was struck by lightning. Atwood was instantly killed and his son rendered senseless, though he soon recovered and gave the alarm.

A Night of Terror at Hannibal.

HANNIBAL, Mo., April 23.—A terrific wind-storm Thursday night unroofed the Hickman block and the rain which followed poured in upon the stocks of M. H. Cronin, grocer, and John Hill, furniture, damaging them to the extent of several thousand dollars. C. Carter's plate-glass front was blown in and F. Tegler's smoke stack leveled. The roof of the Braxton lodge A. F. and A. M., was blown off while the lodge was in session. Falling chimneys made it a night of terror for many people.

Four Minutes of It Texas.

GALVESTON, Tex., April 23.—A cyclone struck Blossom Prairie, Texas, Friday morning, doing great damage to fences, orchards and buildings. Several dwellings were unroofed and many business houses were moved from their foundations. The storm lasted about four minutes and passed through from north to south. No lives are reported lost.

The Blizzard Remains with Us.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 23.—One of the worst blizzards of the season is raging here, the gale being filled with fine snow. The storm prevented the Detroit-Minneapolis ball game, which was postponed until next Monday.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S BRIDE.

The Pittsburgh Millionaire Gives Her a Royal Wedding Gift.

NEW YORK, April 23.—Andrew Carnegie and Miss Louise Whitfield were married Friday evening at the bride's residence, 35 West Forty-eighth street. The wedding was conducted with simplicity and elegance. The bride was plainly attired in a gray tulle-trimmed traveling costume, trimmed with gray passementerie. She wore neither hat nor gloves, and carried a bouquet of white lilies. There were no bridesmaids. The bride's sister Estella supported her. The groom was attired in a gray Scotch tweed traveling suit, with pink rose buttonier. Rev. C. H. Eaton performed the ceremony.

After partaking of refreshments an buffet the bride and groom took leave of the intimate friends and relatives who alone witnessed the marriage, and were driven at once to the steamer Fulda, in which they sailed early Saturday morning for Europe. Among the gifts to the bride from the groom were the house 5 West Fifty-first street, adjoining the Vanderbilt mansion, and valued at \$250,000, and a cash gift of \$500,000 in United States 4 per cent. bonds.

Elaborate preparations were made on the Fulda for the accommodation of Mr. Andrew Carnegie and his bride. The couple will occupy a suite of rooms consisting of the captain's cabin, bath and bed-room and the bath and bed-room of the first officer, which are contiguous. Four rooms were engaged in the medium cabinet for their suite, and a large space near the after gang-way for their baggage.

WARNING A NEWSPAPER.

Archbishop Corrigan Sets Up a Press Censorship.

NEW YORK, April 23.—The Standard (Henry George's paper) of Friday contains the following under the caption of "Gagging the Press," addressed to the editor and proprietor of The Catholic Herald:

GENTLEMEN: By this note, which is entirely private and not to be published, I wish to call your attention to the fact that the third plenary council of Baltimore, following the leadership of Pope Leo XIII, has pointed out the duties of the Catholic press and denounced the abuses of which journals styling themselves Catholic are sometimes guilty. "That paper alone," says the council (decree No. 228), "is to be regarded as Catholic that is prepared to submit in all things to ecclesiastical authority." Later on it warns all Catholic writers against presuming to attack publicly the diocese, affirming that those who presume, as well as their approvers and abettors, are not only guilty of very grievous scandals, but deserve, moreover, to be dealt with by canonical censures. For some time past the utterances of The Catholic Herald have been shockingly scandalous. A this newspaper is published in this diocese, I hereby warn you that if you continue in this course of conduct it will be at your peril.

I am, gentlemen, yours truly,
M. A. CORRIGAN,
Archbishop of New York.

The proprietor of The Catholic Herald said Friday night in regard to the above warning:

The letter is authentic. I am at a loss to know how Mr. George obtained it. While I have the greatest possible love for the church and for any dignitary of it, still I refuse to recognize any superior authority as to how I shall conduct my business. In entering on the defense of Dr. McGlynn we believed we were right; we think so still and mean to persevere.

SOME RADICAL ADVOCATES.

They Want the Long-and-Short Clause Permanently Suspended.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 23.—The interstate commerce commission on Friday heard the representatives of all the New England lines, who made arguments urging the suspension of the fourth clause of the new law. They took the radical ground that the words of the act, "disimilar circumstances and conditions," were fully illustrated every time railway transportation came in competition with water carriers, and that the commission should suspend the clause in every case of the kind—pass a final rule that water traffic and railway traffic were entirely dissimilar and in that respect make the suspension permanent.

Col. George Gray, speaking for the Northern Pacific, said the fourth section if literally executed would result in the farm products of the northwest being carried by the Northern Pacific, and shipped directly to Liverpool and London.

During the hearing Commissioner Schoonmaker said it would be as well to have it understood at once that newspaper statements did not reach the dignity of evidence before the commission.

Settlers on the Crow Reservation.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 23.—Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs Upshaw Friday received a dispatch from Indian Agent Anderson, at Crow Creek, Dak., in

which he states that the United States troops came there at his request to assist him in carrying out the president's order of a year ago requiring the settlers to leave the reservation. Agent Anderson does not refer to any trouble at the agency, which according to press dispatches from the west was apprehended. Indian office officials do not anticipate any trouble in removing the settlers from the reservation, as there are only about twenty-five of them on the Indian lands.

Alexander Mitchell's Remains.
MILWAUKEE, April 23.—The funeral train bearing the remains of Hon. Alexander Mitchell, late president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, arrived here at 3:15 Friday morning. The funeral will take place on Tuesday at 3 p. m. For the accommodation of Mr. Mitchell's Chicago friends who may wish to attend the funeral, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will have a special train to Milwaukee, leaving Chicago at 9:30 a. m. and returning after the funeral.

Agreed to Recognize the Knights.
PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—The brewers' strike was practically ended Friday, the employers agreeing to recognize the Knights of Labor, and the latter waiving their demand of having all former employees reinstated.

The Salerno Safe in Port.
QUEENSTOWN, April 23.—The British steamship Salerno, Capt. Rogers, which sailed from Stettin for New York Feb. 23, and losing her propeller, was obliged to put back under sail, arrived here Friday.

Was to Have Been Expected.
A Business View of the Effect of the Inter-State Commerce Law.

NEW YORK, April 23.—Dun & Co., in their review of the past week's business, have this to say: For much of the embarrassment the changes in rail rates under the inter-state act are responsible. Many think—as the commission apparently does—that the railroads have made the law an excuse for unnecessary advances in rates, but the broad fact remains that a great part of the business of the country has been built up under a system of special rates to encourage special localities or trades. The chief intent of the act is to prohibit such special favors. An inevitable result is that the industries and business of a great number of places are disturbed.

From Memphis comes complaint that rates at country towns throughout that region have been advanced with a bound, so that factories generally have closed, being unable to ship except at actual loss. From Minneapolis it appears officially that rates of flour from Chicago, not covered by "in transit" contracts, have been advanced from 10 to 35 cents per barrel. Boston protests as loudly as Toledo, and the northwestern roads as earnestly as the transporters across the continent. Some are helped by the act; Ohio, Mississippi and lake transporters gain advantages, and central wool growers rejoice that California wool is excluded from eastern markets. But the stoppage of the system of special rates, through which a large part of the industry and trade of the country has been shaped and developed, unavoidably affects business generally.

Immense Building Operations.
NEW YORK, April 23.—Regarding the supply of money and the demand thereon, Dun & Co., in their weekly review, remark: Money would be everywhere abundant but for extraordinary demands in real estate speculation and building. At New York alone plans filed in three months call for an expenditure of \$22,500,000 in building, and mortgages amount to \$35,000,000 for the quarter. At the same rate throughout the country new mortgages would aggregate \$2,000,000,000, and new buildings would cost \$1,400,000,000. A Chicago journal reports \$1,347 miles of new railway building proposed for the year, and 18,556 miles of track to be relaid, which would cost over \$600,000,000. With such demands it is not strange that any disturbance in the usual trade and productive industry of the country is felt.

A Week's Commercial Wreckage.
NEW YORK, April 23.—The business failures for the week ended April 22, according to Dun & Co., number—For the United States, 171; for Canada, 28; total, 199 against 175 last week, and 194 for the corresponding week last year. No failures of consequence occurred.

Commander Fairchild's Order Approved.
CHICAGO, April 23.—The national council of administration of the Grand Army of the Republic, met at the Grand Pacific, Friday, Samuel Harper, of Pennsylvania, being the only absentee. Commander in Chief Lucius V. Fairchild presided. Resolutions were passed indorsing the order of Commander in Chief Fairchild directing the posts of the Grand Army to pay no attention to the request printed in The New York Tribune some weeks ago, asking the posts to furnish information in regard to pension legislation. The council decided that to comply with The Tribune's request would be in violation of the rules passed by the eighteenth and nineteenth encampments of the G. A. R. The Grand Army claims that it has secured a great many advantages to the wounded soldiers in the past pension legislation, and proposes to do more in the future, and the council held that it was best that G. A. R. posts take action in pension matters only in union with the whole army. The council finally approved general order No. 13, and recommended the issuing of a supplementary order explaining it more fully.

Had a Hard Debate Over It.
PITTSBURG, Pa., April 23.—District assembly 3, K. of L., engaged in a long and hot debate Friday on the request of the eleven local assemblies of iron and steel-workers for leave to withdraw and form a national district assembly. The request was refused by a large majority. The delegates of these assemblies then resolved to ask further instructions and to meet again, when a committee will probably be appointed to go to Philadelphia and appeal to the general executive board.

The Base Ball Record.
CHICAGO, April 23.—Base ball games as follows were reported Friday (Association): At Brooklyn—Brooklyn 9, Baltimore 5—eight innings, darkness; at St. Louis—St. Louis 2, Cincinnati 5. Exhibition games: At Philadelphia—Athletic 8, Philadelphia 11; at Boston—Boston 15, Buffalo 9.

The Chicago-Des Moines game, at Des Moines, was called in the second inning on account of rain, the score standing 5 to 5 in favor of Chicago.

G.W. McBride

ARCHITECT

—AND—

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BOISTEROUS SENATORS

INAUGURATE A MENAGERIE IN THE NEW YORK CAPITOL.

They Determine Not to Hear a Message from Governor Hill, and They Don't—Reading a Document Under Difficulties—Threats of Impeachment—Stirring Up the Dry Bones in Life Insurance.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 23.—There was an exciting scene in the senate Friday. Governor Hill had sent in a message proposing to withdraw the names of Messrs. Baker and Rogers as nominees for railroad commissioners, and re-transmit the names of Messrs. Armstrong and Buckbee, which he recently withdrew because they had been "hung up" and not acted upon. It was charged in debate by Republican senators at the time of the withdrawal that the governor was not sincere in making the nominations, and that if the names had been allowed to remain, they would have been acted upon.

It was known that in Friday's message the governor would reproach the senate for failing to act upon a large number of nominations made by him during the session, and the Republicans determined not to have the message read. Just before the governor's secretary made his appearance, Senator Raines (Rep.) moved to adjourn. The roll call had begun on the motion when the governor's message arrived. The Democrats accused Raines of intending to freeze out the message, and demanded that the document be received. Raines insisted that nothing was in order except to finish the roll call. The presiding officer, Lieutenant Governor Jones, ordered the senate clerk to receive the message and read it. The clerk refused to do so.

The wildest confusion ensued, senators on both sides fairly howling in their excitement. Lieutenant Governor Jones sent his private secretary to the governor's secretary for the message, and again ordered the clerk to read it. The clerk again ignored the order, whereupon the lieutenant governor, amid the angry cries of the Republicans and the applause of the Democrats, calmly read the message through, though not a word could be heard above the din. Cries of "We will have you impeached" were heard from the Republican side as the lieutenant governor finished the reading. Several Republican senators then made violent speeches, threatening impeachment and denouncing the lieutenant governor's action as the most arbitrary violation of parliamentary law ever witnessed in a legislative body. One Democratic senator vigorously defended the presiding officer and thanked him for refusing to allow a bulldozing party trick to be carried out. The lieutenant governor attempted to make an explanation of his course, but was howled at so vigorously that he could not proceed.

The Republicans then began to leave the chamber. The lieutenant governor appealed to the courtesy of the senators to hear him, but the members of the majority fled out without heeding his words. Finally the lieutenant governor stated that, being denied the opportunity to explain, he would simply stand by his action, which he considered proper. He then declared the senate adjourned.

There is a good deal of talk among the Republican politicians in favor of having the assembly bring impeachment proceedings against the lieutenant governor, but as the Republicans have not a two-thirds majority in the senate it is not considered probable that such action will be taken. It is likely that the majority will pass a resolution of censure, and that the matter will then be dropped. The lieutenant governor and his Democratic supporters claim that the action taken was clearly correct, as there is a rule of the senate that a message from the governor shall be received at once, no matter what business is pending before the senate when it is offered.

GRAVE-YARD INSURANCE

Seems To Be the Principal Business of Michigan Mutual Companies.

LANSING, Mich., April 23.—The special joint committee of five to investigate the mutual insurance companies of the state presented their report to the house Friday morning, and the disclosures are of the most startling and damaging character. The committee examined eighteen companies doing business in Michigan, finding only two honest. Cases were elicited where superintendents of the poor had policies on the lives of paupers in the county poor houses. One case was developed of a physician having a policy on the life of a patient for \$10,000. He appeared as medical examiner on the application and certified to the death.

The testimony taken goes to show conclusively that nine out of ten persons insured in these companies had made no application, nor were they aware that such insurance had been placed on their lives. The insurance was generally taken out by some beneficiary, who forged the signature to the application, paid the assessments, and pocketed the money paid at death. In many cases companies have insured persons living in Canada, Germany, England and Sweden, simply that the agent and officers might reap the assessment percentage and the beneficiary draw the policy.

Illinois Legislation.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 23.—The governor sent to the senate Friday the names of A. Lieberknecht, of Henry county; Isaac Taylor, of Peoria, and George F. Brown, of Grundy county, to be canal commissioners, and they were confirmed. Bills were sent to third reading: appropriating for the state board of agriculture; fixing the "age of consent." A bill was introduced and read the second time making abandonment of children a felony. Some debate was had about revenue reform, but nothing was done. Bills were passed by the house: Permitting city police to enter adjoining towns to preserve the peace; preventing changes of venue on allegations of prejudice of judge alone; permitting appointment of official stenographers in circuit courts; appropriating \$1,500 to E. J. Howell, of Murphysboro, who lost an arm while firing a salute, and the same sum for Peter McGee, of Chicago for the same reason; prohibiting marriage between inmates of insane asylums, idiots, paupers or prisoners in jail; amending the law of mines and mining. Bills were sent to third reading: Appropriating \$2,000 to J. B. Tucker, who lost both arms just after his term of enlistment had expired during the war and before he had re-

enlisted; permitting the use of interlocking switches and signals by railroads, and requiring railway companies to heat and light their cars in a manner to meet the approval of the railway commissioners. The revenue bill was read the first time. Both houses adjourned until Monday.

Krug Indicted for Poisoning.

CHICAGO, April 23.—An analysis by Professor Haines of the stomach of the late Lucy Heldmeyer, of Chicago, caused the grand jury to indict Lorenz Krug for the murder of his step-daughter. Krug is also suspected of having poisoned two other women—his wives, who died suddenly in the past year or two, his purpose being to obtain the insurance on their lives.

DOGS OF WAR GROWLING

AS THEY SHOW THEIR TEETH ON THE CLASSIC RHINE.

Arrest of a French Official by German Police Brings on a Situation of "Strained Relations"—The Russian Bear's Longing for Afghans—A British Lord Who Is "Personally Responsible."

LONDON, April 23.—The recent arrest on French territory by German policemen of M. Schnaebeles, a French commissary, and the excitement throughout France over it, extending to the bourse and depressing the rentes, show how slight a matter may precipitate war between the two countries. Even telegraph reports, spread far and wide, that the German government had ordered the release of the commissary and given satisfactory assurances to France, caused but a slight reaction but did not dissipate the fears of war and the belief that the approach of settled weather will witness the sudden commencement of the long-threatened struggle. A Paris special states that Prince Bismarck's speech, criticising the attitude of French political circles in relation to a Russian alliance, has made a bad impression. Statements were current that although no formal treaty between France and Russia had been proposed, considerable progress had been made toward a definite understanding in the event of war breaking out between France and Germany, Austria and Russia, or Russia and Great Britain.

Regarding Russo-English relations it is learned from Vienna that the Russian press is urging the czar to advance the Russian boundaries in central Asia before England is better prepared. The annexation of Afghanistan is at least openly advocated. It is represented that Bokhara and Afghanistan are the last buffers remaining between British and Russian Asia, and that the first is already under Russian influence, and the absorption of the latter should be accomplished while the ameer is confronted with internal difficulties on every side.

Frenchmen Silently Simmering.

PARIS, April 23.—There is a tremendous amount of latent excitement here due to the belief which pervades Paris that Bismarck is anxious to create a situation which will render war between France and Germany inevitable.

The inquiry into the circumstances of the arrest of M. Schnaebeles set on foot by M. Sarrien, minister of the interior, has elicited the fact that the arrest was made on German territory, this being confirmed by the German police. The government is busy investigating the case and laying out a line of action upon which momentous events may hinge.

An Ominous Visit.

BERLIN, April 23.—The Kreuz Zeitung says that much surprise and excitement was occasioned by the unexpected arrival at Diedenhofen Friday of Lieut. Gen. Count von Waldersee, accompanied by several other officers of the general staff of the emperor. The party remained a short time at Diedenhofen and then proceeded to Moyeuve LaGrande.

Diedenhofen is a strongly fortified town in German Lorraine, seventeen miles north of Metz and nine miles northeast of Moyeuve LaGrande.

Why He Was Arrested.

BERLIN, April 23.—The arrest of Schnaebeles was the outcome of an ordinary judicial proceeding. The judge who ordered the arrest did so, it is stated, on evidence implicating him in an attempt to subvert the allegiance of Alsations to Germany. The German authorities consider the fact of his being a foreigner does not exempt Schnaebeles from punishment. They say the moment he was caught on German territory he was under jurisdiction of the German courts.

Russia's National Debt.

LONDON, April 23.—A St. Petersburg special states that the report just issued in connection with the new Russian loan shows the Russian national debt to amount to \$2,350,000,000.

PARNELL'S PERSONAL SYMPATHY

For the Murdered Cavendish—Henry George Recites Some Private History.

NEW YORK, April 23.—Henry George's newspaper, The Standard, contains an editorial in which Mr. George adds his testimony to the question of what Parnell thought of the Phoenix park assassination. Mr. George states over his own signature that he was the first to carry the news of the Phoenix park assassination to Mr. Parnell. He says that he was in London at the time, and that early in the morning he was aroused by a telegraph messenger bringing him a dispatch from Dr. Kelly, then of Rutland square, Dublin, but now of Lexington avenue, New York, apprising him of the tragedy. Mr. George then goes on to tell what he did, as follows:

I immediately made what haste I could to the Westminster hotel, and, waking up Mr. Davitt, showed him the telegram. Springing up with intense emotion he at once sent for Messrs. Dillon and Parnell. All three, as well as other members of the Irish party who were subsequently sent for, were deeply pained and grieved at the news. Davitt seemed so much "cut up" by it that I really felt for him, but the man who seemed stirred most was Parnell—ordinarily the most undemonstrative of human beings—and on the first impulse he talked of immediately resigning and leaving public life forever. There could be no question of the real feeling of these men, especially Parnell. It is not that there was any personal sympathy with Burke, who had made himself thoroughly hated by patriotic Irishmen, but there was personal sympathy with Lord Cavendish who had just arrived in Ireland

and had done nothing to offend Irish sentiment. His appointment moreover to take the place of the justly hated Foster, accompanied as it was with the release of the Irish members from Kilmainham, and of Davitt from Portland, was deemed the holding out of the olive branch by the Gladstone government—the dawn for Ireland of a better day—and to this the knives that flashed in Phoenix park gave terrible answer. At a single unexpected blow Parnell's plans were shattered. To him it was not merely two high officials who were stabbed to death in Phoenix park, but a great policy and a high hope.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON RECIPROCITY.

England Not Likely to Object—Some Reflections on the Irish Question.

NEW YORK, April 23.—In a letter to Erasmus Wiman, president of the New York Canadian club, in answer to the question as to what would be the attitude of Great Britain in regard to the proposed of Congressman Butterworth, of Ohio, for a commercial union between the United States and Canada, Goldwin Smith, the eminent Canadian publicist, says that though for himself he is British to the core and would never advocate anything at variance with the honor and interest of England, he thinks Great Britain would have no objection to the proposed reciprocity, as Canada now taxes British goods, and the commercial classes of England had made no objection. He thinks the voice of Canada in the councils of her own continent is the best support she can ever lend England on any question, but adds:

Nations, it is true, have tempers as well as interests, and if American legislatures and journals persist in trying the temper of the British nation as they are doing at present mischief not only to the prospects of closer commercial relations but to friendly relations generally may ensue. But it is difficult to see why Anglo-Saxons should be bent on sacrificing their natural affinities, their material interests, and those of our common civilization to the prosecution of a Celtic feud, or why American legislators and journalists should deem it their duty to protest against the repression of disorder in Ireland by the British government when they regard stronger measures taken by other European governments for the same purpose, such as those which Germany is now taking in Alsace-Lorraine, with perfect unconcern.

A COMPREHENSIVE CHALLENGE

For Pistols and Coffee Given by a Member of the Lords.

LONDON, April 23.—The debate on the land bill was continued in the house of lords Friday evening, the principal speakers being Earl Granville, the duke of Argyll, Lord Selbourne and Earl Cowper. After an extended discussion of the measure the lord chancellor arose to put the question, whether their lordships would confirm its second reading, when Lord Denman also rose to speak against the bill. The lord chancellor ignored Lord Denman, put the question, and the second was carried without a division.

After the result was announced the house adjourned. While their lordships were leaving the house Lord Denman said in a loud tone of voice: "This is another case of closure. I have been treated in most ungentlemanly style. If any gentleman doubts that I have, I am ready to give him satisfaction."

Chicago Quarantined.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 23.—A proclamation was issued Friday by the governor in pursuance of the act amending the law in regard to the suppression of and prevention of the spread of contagious and infectious diseases among domestic animals, scheduling the district in Cook county and Chicago, where the pleuro-pneumonia has been prevailing.

President Diaz Scores a Big Victory.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 23.—The constitutional amendment, providing for one reelection of a president—that is to say, two successive terms—passed the house of deputies by a decisive majority Thursday night, after a brilliant debate. It now goes to the senate, where it will certainly pass. Ratification by the state legislatures is expected to speedily follow.

Representative Littler Will Resign.

WASHINGTON, CITY, April 23.—Commis-sioner Littler left for home Friday night for the purpose of resigning his seat in the legislature and closing up private business. As soon as this is accomplished he will rejoin his colleagues of the commission and proceed to business.

Associate Justice Wood Seriously Ill. KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 23.—Hon. W. B. Wood, associate justice of the United States supreme court, is in this city seriously ill. He is en route from the Sierra Madre valley to Washington, accompanied by a physician.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, April 23. Following were the quotations on the board of trade to-day: Wheat—No. 2 April, opened 89½ nominal, closed 89¼ nominal; May, opened 84½, closed 84¼; June, opened 83½, closed 83¼ nominal. Corn—No. 2 April opened 37½ nominal, closed 37½ nominal; May, opened 38½, closed 38½ nominal; June, opened 40, closed 40½ asked. Oats—No. 2 April opened and closed 27½ nominal; May, opened 28½, closed 28½; June, opened 29½, closed 29½. Pork—April, opened and closed 30.75 nominal; May, opened and closed 30.75 nominal; June, opened and closed 30.75 nominal. Lard—April, opened and closed 17.10 nominal.

Live Stock—The Union stock yards report the following prices: Hogs—Market opened strong at 5c advance, but was easier later; light grades, \$4.65 to \$5.30; rough packing, \$5.00 to \$5.25; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$5.25 to \$5.65. Cattle—Better feeling, 10c higher, inferior to prime beefs, \$4.00 to \$5.25; cows, \$2.10 to \$3.75; stockers and feeders, \$2.75 to \$4.00. Sheep—Market steady; common, \$5.00 to \$4.00; good to choice, \$4.15 to \$4.90; shorn sheep, \$2.75 to \$3.75.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 20¢ to 22¢ per lb.; choice to fancy dairy, 17¢ to 20¢. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12¢ to 13¢ per doz. Poultry, —Chickens, 7¢ to 7½¢ per lb.; turkeys, 8¢ to 9¢; ducks, 8¢ to 9¢. Potatoes—In car lots on track: Burbanks, 65¢ to 68¢ per bu.; Early Rose, 65¢ to 68¢. Apples—Fair to good, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per bu.; New York.

NEW YORK, April 23. Wheat—Steady and firm; No. 1 red state 96½¢; No. 2 do, 94½¢; No. 2 red winter May, 92½¢; do June, 92½¢; do July, 91½¢. Corn—Very dull; No. 2 mixed cash, 59½¢; do May, 49¢ bid; do June, 48½¢. Oats—Steady; No. 1 white state, 38½¢ to 39¢; No. 2 do, 38¢; No. 2 mixed April, 34½¢; do May, 34½¢. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; old mess, \$13.00 to \$14.25. Lard—May, \$7.49; June, \$7.50.

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A large stock

Lead, Ready Mixed Paints!

AND ALABASTINE

Just Received. Call and Examine Stock and Get Prices. Very Truly,

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STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES PROVISIONS &c.

The Highest Cash Prices paid for Farm Produce. West side Galena St., Dixon.

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WOOD FOR SALE.

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FOR WASHING

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FOR EVERY THING

FOR EVERY WHERE

5 CENTS

For Five Cents you can buy THE BEST IN THE WORLD SANTA-CLAUS SOAP MADE BY N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.

Evening Telegraph

By Telegraph and Herald Co.
B. F. HAW, Editor.

DIXON, ILLINOIS.

PRESIDENTIAL names will be well represented in the Fiftieth Congress. There will be a Washington, an Adams, a Taylor, and a Hayes. Washington, who is from Tennessee, will be the first of the name to sit in Congress. For many years the letter Y has been unrepresented in Congress, but it can now boast the two names Yoder and Yost.

EDWARD C. SCRUGGS, of Nashville, Tenn., has made in the last four months \$60,000 by real-estate investments in his neighborhood. Mr. Scruggs is totally blind from the effects of a gunshot wound received about fifteen years ago. His constant companion is a clever negro boy, who gives him occasional pointers about land, people, etc.

A SINGULAR feature is reported as existing in a well on the premises of John Roberts, near Lafayette, Ind. The well is sixty-seven feet deep. At a depth of thirty-seven feet it is frozen over every winter. It is claimed that at the depth named there is a current of cold air, while above or below the thirty-seven feet the temperature is the same as in ordinary wells.

ALTHOUGH the best of the public lands have gone, it is encouraging to note that there still remain unsurveyed about 9,000,000 acres in Colorado, 12,000,000 in Arizona, nearly 30,000,000 in California, 49,000,000 in Dakota, 7,000,000 in Florida, 44,000,000 in Idaho, 7,000,000 in Minnesota, 39,000,000 in Nevada, 74,000,000 in Montana, 41,000,000 in Utah, and more than 20,000,000 in Washington Territory.

A. H. WINCHESTER, a West Virginia land-owner, has given about 60,000 acres in Randolph County, West Virginia, as a hunting and fishing preserve for the use of a sportsmen's association which includes Pittsburgers, Virginians, New Yorkers, and Ohio men. It will be the greatest hunting-park east of the Yellowstone, and the membership fees of the association has been placed at \$1,000.

As a railroad train rounded a curve near Bristol, Conn., the other morning, the engineer saw a large black Newfoundland dog standing by the side of the track. He waited until the engine was within a few yards of him, and then deliberately stepped upon the track, and, trembling all over, with tail between his legs, head turned away, waited for the death stroke from the pilot. The engineer says that if ever anyone committed suicide, that dog did.

THE executors of the late Henry Ward Beecher have decided to dispose of his library, paintings, etchings, rugs, and bric-a-brac at the rooms of the American Art Association in November next. The library contains 10,000 volumes and the paintings represent such artists as Rubens, Rembrandt, Durer, and other notables. Among his other property is comprised a collection of jewels valued at \$2,000. The farm at Peekskill, containing thirty-six acres and valued at \$100,000, is also offered for sale.

COL. HOORON, of West Chester, Pa., said in a recent speech: "I recollect shortly after Gen. Grant was called East I asked Gen. McCall if he knew him. You may imagine my surprise when I learned from him that Gen. Grant had been his Lieutenant in the Mexican war. I recollect when the war broke out and Gen. Twiggs surrendered the regulars in Texas, Gen. McCall, then called Col. McCall, said to me: 'If Col. Lee doesn't hang Twiggs or shoot him half an hour after he lays hands on him then Col. Lee is not the man I take him to be.'"

GEN. ROBERT C. SCHENCK is living quietly in Washington. He is 77 years of age. To a correspondent he recently said: "I have not felt so well in years. For one of my age I may say I feel better than when worn down with public cares. I had what the doctors call Bright's disease, and put myself on the milk diet. For more than a month I lived solely on milk, averaging about five pints a day. Not even a crust of bread in it. Then I had added to it some finely-chopped onions. For a month more the diet was onions and milk. I ate no beef food whatever. When I found myself slipping back the onion accompaniment was abandoned, and back to milk alone I went again. Eventually I overcame the trouble, wholly recovered, and have had no recurrence of the malady since."

THE St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells the following story of a smart, but unusually lazy puss: Mrs. T. J. Hammond, of Brunswick, Mo., owns what she is pleased to term a very knowing

cat and the feline certainly exhibits very rare intelligence. It is a large and beautiful Maltese, less than a year old, and has been taught to perform a number of tricks very unusual for a cat, one of which is to ring a chestnut-bell, and it frequently turns the laugh on Mrs. Hammond by making the bell tinkle when she is recounting some freak of its intelligence. When the cat feels that a mouse would be an addition to its bill of fare it brings the trap to Mrs. Hammond to be set and then goes frequently to see if the desired mouse has been caught. When such is the case the trap is again taken to some one by puss, who will remove the mouse from it. It makes no effort to catch mice in the ordinary way, preferring, apparently, the invention of man as an easier way to obtain a sweet morsel.

CAPT. CLARENCE E. DUTTON, chief of the bureau of volcanic geology of the geological survey, will read a paper at the next meeting of the National Academy of Sciences embodying the results of the study of an immense mass of data upon the Charleston earthquake. He does not purpose going beyond well-proved facts as to the nature, origin, and influence of seismic phenomena, but he believes that the material in hand, when fully worked up, will add much to the mass of human knowledge regarding the rate of motion of earth waves and kindred points of scientific interest, and that it will be especially valuable in suggestions for the observation and study of future phenomena. The advance made latterly in respect to a knowledge of earthquake phenomena may be illustrated by a single point. The recorded rate of motion of the earthquakes of history varies from 300 to 900 meters per second. The data upon the Charleston disasters prove conclusively that its earth waves traveled between 4,000 and 5,000 meters per second, while French journals at hand containing observations upon the Riviera shocks gave rates almost as high. It is not supposed that modern earthquakes are more energetic than their predecessors, but it is certain that modern methods and opportunities give safer results.

WHEN Oscar S. Straus, now Minister to Turkey, was being urged for that office by his friends Henry Ward Beecher, a warm friend of Mr. Straus, wrote the following letter. It is a peculiar letter. It tells more definitely than any words than its own can describe the broad statesmanship and advanced position of Brooklyn's famous pastor:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1887.—*Grover Cleveland*—DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: Some of our best citizens are solicitous for the appointment of Oscar Straus as Minister to Turkey. Of his fitness there is a general consent that he is personally, and in attainments, eminently excellent. But I am interested in another quality—the fact that he is a Hebrew. The bitter prejudice against Jews, which obtains in many parts in Europe, ought not to receive any countenance in America. Is it because he is a Jew that I would urge his appointment as a fit recognition of this remarkable people, who are becoming large contributors to American prosperity, and whose intelligence, morality, and large liberality in all public measures for the welfare of society deserve and should receive from the hands of our Government some such recognition. It is not also a duty to set forth in this quiet but effectual method the genius of American Government, which has under its fostering care people of all civilized nations, and which treats them without regard to civil, religious or race peculiarities as common citizens? We send Danes to Denmark, Germans to Germany; we reject no man because he is a Frenchman; why should we not make a crowning testimony to the genius of our people by sending a Hebrew to Turkey? The ignorance and superstition of medieval Europe may account for the prejudice of that dark age. But how a Christian in our day can turn from a Jew I cannot imagine. Christianity itself suckled at the bosom of Judaism; our roots are in the Old Testament. We are Jews ourselves gone to blossom and fruit. Christianity is Judaism in evolution, and it would seem strange for the seed to turn against the stock or which it was grown. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THOUGHTFUL THOUGHTS.

ONE foolish act may undo a man, and a timely one make his fortune.

REGARD not dreams, for they are but the images of our hopes and fears.

GREAT hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.

NEVER think that you can make yourself great by making another less.

MEN's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own.

ANY fool can begin to talk, but it is a wise man who knows just where to stop.

THE effective strength of sects is not to be ascertained merely by counting heads.

WE ought either to be silent, or to speak things that are better than silence.

IT is no shame for a man to learn what he knows not, whatever age he may be.

IF we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not be able to injure us.

WHATEVER thou lovest, pray that thou mayest not set too high a value upon it.

BILL NYE.

The Genial Humorist Tells How to Fire an Objectionable Suitor.

MR. NYE:—Noticing that you have given a great deal of advice free, I thought that possibly you would tell me the best method of getting rid of an importunate young man, whose room is much preferable to his company. Hoping that I do not intrude on your valuable time,
Yours truly,

You do not say what you wish to get rid of the young man, nor do you state what is the matter with him; whether he is a poor conversationalist or too fluent in that line; whether the first two joints of his finger and thumb are yellow with cigarette stains, or what his leading characteristics are. Possibly he has fatty degeneration of the thinker.

However, you say he is an impudent young man, and I infer that you have gone through the preliminaries of gentle scorn and such things as that. Now what shall we do to make him fully understand that you do not want him to remain?

Perhaps you have such a thing as a younger brother about the house. If so bring him in and let him toy with the young man a few hours. You can excuse yourself while you ostensibly put on your other dress, and if you delay long enough you can cause the young man a great deal of intense suffering. You can take the right kind of a younger brother, with inflammatory hair and white eyes and warts on his thumbs and season cracks in the backs of his hands, and if you properly "sick" the boy on his prey and fasten the door securely, you can come back in an hour and do anything you want to with that young man. I know this to be true, for I have been young myself.

I have also been a boy. There are other indignities which you might heap on an impudent and persistent young party who don't know enough to go home.

I have known young men who infested a house that way to be eradicated by means of very sad music. They do not die in the house.

Sad music will drive away the bravest young man who ever tried to sit out a firm and wakeful parent.

Do you sing?

If so, let your selections be of a sad and melancholy nature, soaked with unshed tears. Should he undertake to draw near and console you, you might do as you think best about allowing him to do so. If you think he is simply practicing on you so that he can gracefully embrace another, you might induce him to crawl under the divan after something or other, and then while he gently backed out you could administer a severe reproof to him by means of a fence board. Some use a picket, but you will find that a fence board will hurt worse, and so give better satisfaction.

Another plan would be to avoid laughing at his funny anecdotes. Wait till he gets through with the anecdote and looks up in your eyes for a twinkle of merriment. That is the time to refrain from twinkling. Wait till he gets to the nub of the joke, as it were, and pricks up his ears to listen for a wild burst of silvery laughter. That is the time to hang on to your silvery laughter. It will give him a pained expression of countenance, and you will see him soon after look at his watch. When he completes his story, suddenly wake up and ask him if that is all. Few men can endure this for over two weeks.

Of course there are other and more radical methods of accomplishing the result you wish, but these are the ones more common in the best of society. I naturally supposed that you wanted the methods used in the best society, or you would have gone elsewhere instead of coming to me.

Should you finally wish to be more severe, however, you can invite a young girl to be present during the young man's stay. I would suggest that this young girl be a fluent talker on the subject of clothes. If you both keep the talk going pretty well while the young man looks at the album or gazes with a fixed stare through a stereoscope that hasn't any pictures in it, you will soon have his pachydermic pelt on the fence.

But there is a bare possibility that this young man is in love with you, and would think it humorous even if you were to fill him full of fine shot. In that case, I do not know what you ought to do. Love is a strange missile. It goes where it is not sent, and it refuses to go where it is sent.

If you could get him away by himself, it would be well enough, perhaps, to ask him if he loves you. That's the way I should do. The quicker a matter of that kind is disposed of the better. Ask him in a manly way if such is the case, and if he really does love you, and has reason to believe that you were paying attention to him all this time, you cannot in honor desert him now.

Sometimes a girl marries a man to get rid of him. I have known several cases of this kind. I once knew of a young woman who married a person in order to get rid of him, and it worked so well that he isn't at home once a month since they were married. He is the owner of a wooden leg, and the only way she can keep him at home is to get up early in the morning and conceal this limb in the hay mow at the barn.

Getting rid of a man is a very simple process if you are really in earnest about it. Some girls marry and feed their victims with bread that they have made themselves. That is a round-about way of getting rid of a man.

Do not be discouraged. Let me know how you get on with the suggestions I have made above, and I am confident we will succeed.

Have you ever tried wearing a large, tall hat with a stuffed bluejay in it to the theater, and sitting in the seat just in

front of him? Try it if you have not done so already, and if you do not get rid of him as well as a great number of law-abiding citizens, write me, and I will suggest something else.
Yours truly, BILL NYE.

Two Humorists.

During the war Ferd Hamilton was assigned to duty as orderly to Gen. Fagan. Hamilton's character is a study. War, pestilence, nothing could destroy his peculiar individuality. One day Gen. Fagan called on a gentleman who lived several miles distant from the camp. Hamilton accompanied him. He rode at regulation distance behind the general. As they neared the house Fagan stopped at a large, heavy gate, of course expecting Hamilton to dismount and open it. Hamilton rode up and stopped. Fagan looked at him; he looked at Fagan. Fagan got down, without saying a word, and opened the gate. Hamilton rode through and waited until the general caught up with him. Fagan hitched his own horse, and, taking a seat on the gallery, began a conversation with the man whom he had come to see. Hamilton hitched his horse, took a seat near Fagan, leaned back, lighted a cob pipe, and took an active part in the conversation. Fagan was a strict disciplinarian, but he had such a sense of humor that, excusing himself, he went behind the house and laughed until he grew red in the face.

In the same command there was another humorist, a practical joker named Henry McNette, who is now a pilot on the Arkansas River. Just at this time in the history of the confederacy rations became scarce. Parched corn and sweet potatoes do very well once in a long while, but are objectionable when taken as a steady diet. McNette noticed that Lieut. Nowlin frequently visited a farm house, the elegant country seat of Judge Beach. He had often seen the handsome Miss Beach, and he knew that Nowlin was paying special attentions to her. One day McNette went to Judge Beach's house and rang the door bell. When a servant appeared, McNette put his hat under his arm and asked if he could see Miss Beach. The servant crabbedly replied that he would see. Presently Miss Beach appeared.

"Is this Miss Beach?" McNette asked as he humbly bowed to the young lady.

"Lieut. Nowlin, who is very ill, ordered me to come over and ask you to send him a broiled chicken and anything else that you think he might relish."

"Well, sit down there," said the young lady. She would not allow any of the servants to prepare the meal. She broiled the chicken herself, and nicely arranging the "spread," gave it to McNette, who again bowed humbly. He went down into the woods and feasted. "There was enough for three men," he said, in speaking of the affair, "but on that occasion I was three men myself."

The next day Nowlin called on Miss Beach.

"I am surprised to see you," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because of your illness."

"I haven't been ill."

"You haven't? How did you enjoy the chicken?"

"What chicken?"

"Why, one of your soldiers came here and said that you had sent for a broiled chicken. He was a—"

"Never mind. I know what sort of a man he is. I know him. He's that infernal Henry McNette."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A Royal Dinner.

Mr. Granville, in his diary, gives the following account of his interview with Emperor Napoleon III. on the 26th of June, 1855:

Yesterday morning arrived an invitation to dine at the Tuileries the same evening. I went there, was ushered into a room with eight or ten men in it, none of whom I knew except Count Bacciochi, whom I had met at Fould's the day before—three in uniform, the rest in plain clothes. A man, whom I supposed to be the aide-de-camp de service, came forward to receive me, and invited me to sit down. Presently the same, or another man, came and said: "Milord" (they all milorded me), *vous vous metrez a table, s'il vous plait, a cote de l'Empereur a sa droite*. I was then taken into the next room, which adjoins the cabinet of the Emperor. In a few minutes His Majesty made his appearance; he immediately came up to me, bowed very civilly, and asked me the usual questions of when I came to Paris, etc. In a minute dinner was announced, and we went in. As we went in, he said to me: *L'Imperatrice sera bien fachee de ne vous avoir pas vu*. At dinner, which did not last above twenty-five minutes, he talked (a sort of dropping conversation on different subjects, and I found him so easy to get on with that I ventured to start topics myself. After dinner we returned to the room we had left, and after coffee, seeing me staring about at the portraits, he said all his family were there, and he told me who they all were and the history of these portraits, which, he said, had made the tour of the world. After this he asked me to sit down, which I did at a round table by his side, and M. Visconti on the other side of me, and then we had a conversation which lasted at least an hour and a half, on every imaginable subject. It was impossible not to be struck with his simplicity, his being so natural and totally without an air of assumption of greatness, though not undignified, but perfectly *comme il faut*, with excellent manners, and easy, pleasant, fluent conversation. I was struck with his air of truth and frankness.

MECHANICAL.

THE strength and toughness that fire-brick acquires in the burning are the result of fritting; the aluminum silicate frits with impurities and with silica, and an excess of the latter prevents the fritting particles from rendering the mass too dense or brittle.

In Sweden steam engines have hitherto been without any government control whatever, but orders have now been given to the magistrates to send in before March 15, a list of all steam engines in their district, with full report of age, kind, etc. In Norway no steps have as yet been taken in this direction.

A METHOD of producing a screw or nut, which is adapted to receive a nut, having either a right or left-handed screw-thread, consists of forming a blank having two opposite arc-shaped portions and intermediate flattened portions, in cutting a thread upon such blank, and in subsequently chamfering portions of the thread by means of dies.

THE State of Texas, which is about completing its new capitol, will cover it with copper, using about 800 squares. For buildings owned by the people, not by individuals, copper is said to be far the cheapest roofing; for although more expensive in first cost, it exceeds all other in durability, and does not require painting or other repairs if applied properly.

WITHIN the limits of belting and shafting overhead, or shafting in any direction or all directions, underground power may be readily transmitted, but when the attempt is made to send steam for power or for heating, it is quite probable that it will be found economy to make the coal into gas and transmit that to points to be consumed under boilers and water heaters to supply steam on the premises.—*Power*.

THE very rapid progress which has been made within recent years in the manufacture and treatment of steel, and in the investigation of other properties of other alloys of iron than those with carbon, and the influence of impurities on the properties of steel, have left all our text-books so far behind that a work intelligently recording our present practice, and collecting and analyzing the scattered information existing in public and private records, has been greatly needed.

TO DETERMINE whether wool is present or absent in a piece of goods, a solution of picric acid may be employed, which instantly imparts a full yellow tint to the wool, but does not in the least affect cotton, linen, or China grass, so that it is only necessary to immerse the fabric in the dye, wring it out and wash well with water; should any portion remain of the yellow color, the presence of wool is indicated. Of course a closer discrimination is afforded by the microscope.

A SERIES of tests have recently been made by Dr. Fischer, the well-known German chemist, showing that in ordinary domestic stoves, in use not more than 20 per cent. of fuel consumed is really utilized for warming the rooms, whereas with stoves burning gas, 80 per cent. and more of the possible effect is obtained. In a sugar manufactory at Elsdorf, it is stated no steam engines have been used for several years. Gas is made at a cost of about 10d per 1,000 cubic feet, and is used for lighting and driving steam engines. At the Essen Works, water gas is made at a cost of 4d. to 8d. per 1,000 feet, and serves both for fire and lighting.

Wanted—A Boy with Ten Points.

1. Honest. 2. Pure. 3. Intelligent. 4. Active. 5. Industrious. 6. Obedient. 7. Steady. 8. Obliging. 9. Polite. 10. Neat. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled with boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One is an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the circus and the theater. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently. His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much extra spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money-drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways. Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful mechanics, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is waiting to employ a boy is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night. We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy, so that they can be easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and keep them in mind; they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to show your hand.—*Exchange*.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Sterling Passenger	leaves 6:47	A. M.
Pacific Express	10:32	"
Marshalltown Passenger	2:05	P. M.
Leaves	2:20	"
Denver Passenger	3:10	A. M.
Freight	9:07	P. M.

GOING WEST.

Sterling Passenger	7:57	P. M.
Pacific Express	9:42	"
Marshalltown Passenger	leaves 12:45	A. M.
Denver Passenger	2:05	A. M.
Freight (except Monday)	5:40	"

*Freights carrying passengers
Pacific Express runs every third Sunday
H. E. HAND, Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

GOING SOUTH.

Passenger	11:04	A. M.
Passenger	2:20	"
New Passenger	5:57	P. M.

GOING NORTH.

Passenger	2:15	P. M.
Passenger	12:37	A. M.
New Passenger	6:16	A. M.

*Daily except Sunday
*Daily except Monday
W. C. WOOLEY, Agent.

SHE

A History of Adventure

By J. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER II. THE YEARS ROLL BY.

Of course poor Vincey's sudden death created a great stir in the college, but as he was known to be very ill, and a satisfactory doctor's certificate was forthcoming, there was no inquest. They were not so particular about inquests in those days as they are now; indeed, they were generally disliked, as causing a scandal. Under all these circumstances, as I was asked no questions, I did not feel called upon to volunteer any information about our interview of the night of Vincey's decease, beyond saying that he had come into my rooms to see me, as he often did. On the day of the funeral a lawyer came down from London and followed my poor friend's remains to the grave, and then went back with his papers and effects, excepting, of course, the iron chest which had been left in my keeping. For a week after this I heard no more of the matter, and, indeed, my attention was amply occupied in other ways, for I was up for my fellowship, a fact that had prevented me from attending the funeral, or seeing the lawyer. At last, however, the examination was over, and I came back to my rooms and sunk into an easy chair with a happy consciousness that I had got through it very fairly. Soon, however, my thoughts, relieved of the pressure that had crushed them into a single groove during the last few days, turned to the events of the night of poor Vincey's death, and again I asked myself what it all meant, and wondered if I should hear anything more of the matter, and, if I did not, what it would be my duty to do with the curious iron chest. I sat there, and thought and thought till I began to grow quite disturbed over the whole occurrence; the mysterious midnight visit, the prophecy of death so shortly to be fulfilled, the solemn oath that I had taken, and which he had called on me to answer for in another world to this. Had the man committed suicide? It looked like it. And what was the quest of which he spoke. The circumstances were almost uncanny, so much so that, though I am by no means nervous, or apt to be alarmed at anything that may seem to cross the bounds of the natural, I grew afraid, and began to wish I had had nothing to do with it. How much more do I wish it now, over twenty years afterward!

As I sat and thought there was a knock at the door, and a letter in a big blue envelope was brought in to me. I saw at a glance that it was a lawyer's letter, and an instinct told me that it was connected with my trust. The letter, which I still have, runs thus:

Sir—Our client, the late M. L. Vincey, Esq., who died on the 9th instant in college, Cambridge, has left behind him a will, of which you will please find copy inclosed, and of which you are the executors. By this will you will perceive that you take a life interest in about half of the late Mr. Vincey's property, now invested in consols, subject to your acceptance of the guardianship of his only son, Leo Vincey, at present an infant, aged 5. Had we not ourselves drawn up the document in question in obedience to Mr. Vincey's clear and precise instructions, both personal and written, and had he not then assured us that he had very good reasons for what he was doing, we are bound to tell you that its provisions seem to us of so unusual a nature that we should have felt bound to call the attention of the court of chancery to them, in order that such steps might be taken as seemed desirable to it, either by contesting the capacity of the testator or otherwise, to safeguard the interests of the infant. As it is, knowing that the testator was a gentleman of the highest intelligence and acumen, and that he has absolutely no relations living to whom he could have confided the guardianship of the child, we do not feel justified in taking this course.

Awaiting such instructions as you please to send us as regards the delivery of the infant, and the payment of the proportion of the dividends due to you, we remain, sir, faithfully yours,

GEORGE J. JORDAN.

As this letter added nothing material to my knowledge, and certainly raised no further objection in my mind to undertaking the task I had promised my dear friend to undertake, there was only one course open to me, namely, to write to Messrs. Geoffrey & Jordan, and express my readiness to enter on the trust, stating that I should be willing to undertake the charge of the lad in ten days' time. This done, I proceeded to the authorities of my college, and having told them as much of the story as I considered desirable, which was not very much, after considerable difficulty succeeded in persuading them to stretch a point, and, in the event of my having obtained a fellowship, which I was pretty certain I had done, allow me to have the child live with me. Their consent, however, was only granted on the condition that I vacated my rooms in college and took lodgings. This I did, and with some difficulty succeeded in obtaining very good apartments quite close to the college gates. The next thing was to find a nurse. And on this point I came to a determination. I would have no woman to

lord it over me about the child, and steal his affections from me. The boy was old enough to do without female assistance, so I set to work to hunt up a suitable male attendant. With some difficulty I succeeded in hiring a most respectable, round faced young man, who had been a helper in a hunting stable, but who said that he was one of a family of seventeen and well accustomed to the ways of children, and professed himself quite willing to undertake the charge of Master Leo when he arrived. Then, having taken the iron box to town, and with my own hands deposited it at my banker's, I bought some books upon the health and management of children and read them, first to myself, and then aloud to Job—that was the young man's name—and waited.

In a very little while (for, as I expected, I got my fellowship) the boy became the favorite of the whole college—where, all orders and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, he was continually in and out—a sort of chartered libertine, in whose favor all rules were relaxed. The offerings made at his shrine were simply without number, and I had a serious difference of opinion with one old resident fellow, now long dead, who was usually supposed to be the crustiest man in the university, and to abhor the sight of a child. And yet I discovered, when a frequently recurring fit of sickness had forced Job to keep a strict lookout, that this unprincipled old man was in the habit of enticing the boy to his rooms and there feeding him upon unlimited quantities of brandy balls, and making him promise to say nothing about it. Job told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, "at his age, too, when he might have been a grandfather if he had done what was right," by which Job understood had got married, and thence arose the row.

The child grew into the boy, and the boy into the young man, as one by one the remorseless years flew by, and as he grew and increased, so did his beauty and the beauty of his mind grow with him. When he was about 15 they used to call him Beauty about the college, and me they nicknamed the Beast. Beauty and the Beast was what they called us when we went out walking together, as we used to every day. Once Leo attacked a great strapping butcher's man, twice his size, because he sung it out after us, and thrashed him, too—thrashed him fairly. I walked on and pretended not to see, till the combat got too exciting, when I turned round and cheered him on to victory. It was the chaff of the college at the time, but I could not help it. Then when he was a little older the undergraduates got fresh names for us. They called me Charon, and Leo the Greek god. I will pass over my own appellation with the humble remark that I was never handsome, and did not grow more so as I grew older. As for his, there was no doubt about its fitness. Leo at 21 might have stood for a statue of Apollo. I never saw anybody to touch him in looks, or anybody so absolutely unconscious of them. As for his mind, he was brilliant and keen witted, but not a scholar. He had not the dullness necessary for that result. We followed out his father's instructions as regards his education strictly enough, and on the whole the results, especially so far as the Greek and Arabic went, were satisfactory. I learned the latter language in order to help to teach it to him, but after five years of it he knew it as well as I did—almost as well as the professor who instructed us both. I always was a great sportsman—it is my one passion—and every autumn we went away somewhere shooting or fishing, sometimes to Scotland, sometimes to Norway, once even to Russia. I am a good shot, but even in this he learned to excel me. When Leo was 18 I moved back into my rooms, and entered him at my own college, and at 21 he took his degree—a respectable degree, but not a very high one. Then it was that I, for the first time, told him something of his own story, and of the mystery that loomed ahead. Of course, he was very curious about it, and, of course, I explained to him that his curiosity could not be gratified at present. After that, to pass the time away, I suggested that he should get himself called to the bar; and this he did, reading at Cambridge, and only going up to London to eat his dinners.

And so the time went by, till at last he reached his 25th birthday, at which date this strange, and in some ways awful, history really begins.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHEEP OF AMENARTAS.

On the day preceding Leo's twenty-fifth birthday we both proceeded to London, and extracted the mysterious chest from the bank where I had deposited it twenty years before. It was, I remember, brought up by the same clerk who had taken it down. He perfectly remembered having hidden it away. Had he not done so, he said, he should have had difficulty in finding it, it was so covered up with cobwebs.

In the evening we returned with our precious burden to Cambridge, and I think that we might both of us have given away all the sleep we got that night and not have been much the poorer. At day break Leo arrived in my room in a dressing gown, and suggested that we should at once proceed to business. I scouted the idea as showing an unworthy curiosity. The chest had waited twenty years, I said; it could very well continue to wait until after breakfast. Accordingly at 9—an unusually sharp 9—we breakfasted; and so occupied was I with my own thoughts that I regret to state that I put a piece of bacon into Leo's tea in mistake for a lump of sugar. Job, too, to whom the contagion of excitement had of course spread, managed to break the handle off my Sevres china tea cup, the identical one, I believe, that Marat had been drinking from just before he was stabbed in his bath.

At last, however, breakfast was cleared away, and Job, at my request, fetched the chest, and placed it upon the table in a somewhat gingerly fashion, as though he mistrusted it. Then he prepared to leave the room.

"Stop a moment, Job," I said; "if Leo has no objection I should prefer to have an independent witness to this business, who can be relied upon to hold his tongue unless he is asked to speak."

"Certainly, Uncle Horace," answered Leo, for I had brought him up to call me uncle, though he varied the appellation somewhat disrespectfully by calling me "old fellow," or even "my avuncular relative."

Job touched his head, not having on a hat. "Lock the door, Job," I said, "and bring me my dispatch box."

He obeyed, and from the box I took the keys that poor Vincey, Leo's father, had

given me on the night of his death. There were three of them; the largest a comparatively modern key, the second an exceedingly ancient one and the third entirely unlike anything of the sort that I had ever seen before, being fashioned apparently from a strip of solid silver, with a bar placed across to serve as a handle, and some nicks cut in the edge of the bar. It was more like a model of some antediluvian railway key than anything else. "Now are you both ready?" I said, as people do when they are going to fire a mine. There was no answer, so I took the big key, rubbed some salol oil into the wards, and after one or two bad shots, for my hands were shaking, managed to fit it and shoot the lock. Leo bent over and caught the massive lid in both his hands, and, with an effort, for the hinges had rusted, leaned it back. Its removal revealed another case covered with dust. This we extracted from the iron chest without any difficulty, and removed the accumulated filth of years from it with a clothes brush.

It was, or appeared to be, of ebony, or some such close grained black wood, and was bound in every direction with flat lands of iron. Its antiquity must have been extreme, for the dense, heavy wood was actually in parts commencing to crumble away from age.

"Now for it," I said, inserting the second key.

Job and Leo bent forward in breathless silence. The key turned and I flung back the lid and uttered an exclamation, as did the others, and no wonder, for inside the ebony case was a magnificent silver casket, about twelve inches square by eight high. It appeared to be of Egyptian workmanship, for the four legs were formed of sphinxes, and the dome shaped cover was also surmounted by a sphinx. The casket was, of course, much tarnished and dimmed with age, but otherwise in almost perfect condition.

I drew it out and set it on the table, and then, in the midst of the most perfect silence, I inserted the strange looking silver key and pressed this way and that, until at last the lock yielded and the casket stood open before us. It was filled to the brim with some brown shredded material, more like vegetable fiber than paper, the nature of which I have never been able to discover. This I carefully removed to the depth of some three inches, when I came to a letter inclosed in an ordinary modern looking envelope, and addressed in the handwriting of my dead friend Vincey:

(Continued.)

CLEVELAND NOT A CANDIDATE.

A St. Louis Paper Says He Will Not Accept a Renomination.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 23.—A special from Washington to The St. Louis Republican gives the following rather startling information: President Cleveland neither wishes nor will accept a renomination. This will be startling information to the country, setting at rest the important question of a second term, now the subject of interested consideration in political circles everywhere. The correspondent of The Republican has the highest possible authority for the statement, however, and it can be depended upon as entirely true. It comes from the president himself, who made a declaration to this effect on Wednesday to a prominent Democratic senator from one of the western states, who is on terms of intimacy at the White House.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT'S WORK.

Looking for Facts About Marriage and Divorce—Labor Bureau Investigation.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 23.—Carroll D. Wright, chief of the bureau of labor statistics, left Washington Friday afternoon for Boston, where he will soon begin the task imposed upon him by congress of collecting statistics concerning marriage and divorce in the United States. It will probably take a year to collect the data needed to complete this report.

The labor bureau has considerable work in hand at present. The report on convict labor is now all in type and will be ready to issue in about three weeks. It will contain much valuable matter not mentioned in the abstracts that have been given out from it. The report on labor strikes will be ready this fall. Another subject for inquiry now in progress is with relation to the moral and economic condition of working women and girls in the great cities of the country.

Yet another matter that is about to be looked into by the bureau is the cost of the distribution of food staples—to find out to what extent the cost of food is increased by the rates charged for its transportation and other facts bearing on the general subject.

A New York Herald Sensation.

NEW YORK, April 23.—The Herald has a sensational special from Key West, Fla., asserting that Senator Sherman and party had a narrow escape from capture by brigands in Cuba during their recent visit. It is stated that the senator was provided with a guard when he took a trip into the interior, and at one plantation the senator had barely departed when Matagas, a Cuban bandit, and his party arrived on the hunt for the senator, and were not satisfied that their intended victims had gone until they had searched the entire plantation and severely beaten the overseer to make him divulge the hiding place of the Americans.

The Academy of Sciences.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 23.—Friday's session closed the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences. It was decided to hold the autumn meeting in New York on Nov. 8. Two associate members of the academy were elected Friday—Dr. August Wilhelm Hofman, of Berlin, and James Prescott Joule, of Manchester, England. The academy awarded the Henry Draper gold medal to Professor Edward C. Pickering, of Harvard observatory, for his work in astronomical photometry and photography.

Royalty at American Opera.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23.—Prince Frederick Leopold, of Prussia, and suite, and Prince Esterhazy, of Austria, and party were among the distinguished audience who witnessed the production of "Lohengrin" Friday night by the National Opera company. It was by far the most successful operatic event ever known in this city, and Manager Lock was warmly congratulated upon his triumph over the many obstacles that have beset him.

A Prominent Clergyman Drops Dead.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 23.—The Rev. J. B. Dobbins, D. D., a well-known member of the Philadelphia M. E. conference, dropped dead at the railway station here Friday afternoon while taking a train. Apoplexy was the cause. Rev. Dr. Dobbins was one of the most prominent and popular Methodist clergymen of Philadelphia. He was a native of New Jersey and about 60 years of age.

The next time you smoke it will pay you to go to W. L. Foote's drug store for a Fan cigar.

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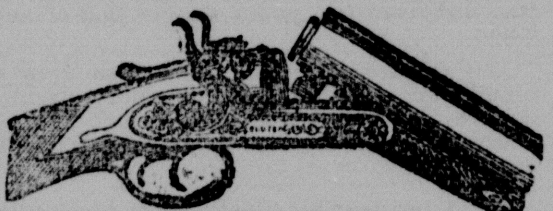
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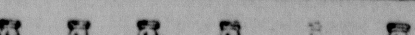
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